Toronto Saturday Night.

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Around Town.

There has been no street talk of any interest this week. At the Legislature everything is in the formative stage and as dull as can be. The members say that Awrey would like to be Minister of Agriculture, but the fight is really between Drury and Dryden with Ballantyne as the dark horse. The latter succeeded in impressing the Hon. Oliver the other day by a very heavy speech on the cheese question. I do not imagine the cheese question would interest my readers very intensely.

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The town of Mendon, Mass., according to a press dispatch, has but one church, of which the Rev. Mr. Wassail was the pastor. He received the magnificent stipend of $350 a year and a not very pretentious parsonage rent free. Besides this, we are also informed, there was an annuity of $200 a year, the gift of the conference. The Rev. Mr. Wassail was not content amidst all these blessings, but was prone to secretly solace himself with a pipe. The meagre details afforded us by the press dispatch inform us that he contracted his horrible habit while at college, but it does not set forth how this young preacher with the very convivial name was able to reconcile his conscience and his stomach to the use of tobacco. It is such an unusual thing for a young man to learn to smoke that I am surprised that the details are not given!

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But Mr. Wassail's saintly congregation at last discovered his secret sin. Again we are left in ignorance of the events which led up to the unmasking of the preacher who smoked. Probably one of the ladies smelt tobacco on his breath at prayer meeting, or a donation party may have found the pipe stuck behind the cupboard while they were destroying fifty dollars worth of carpets while presenting him with a five dollar ham and a bag of turnips. At any rate he was confronted with the charge of smoking and did not deny it. The consternation of the church can neither be imagined nor described. A meeting was called and the miserable man put on trial.

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There are some mawkishly merciful people who hate to see even a murderer condemned and are ready to run around with a petition praying for a commutation of the death sentence. In every community one can find soft-hearted and soft-headed people who are still so uncertain of their own perfection that they are willing to show mercy to those whose weakness has been proven. In Mendon, in the highly cultured State of Massachusetts, some of these over-merciful folks are to be found; and, when the Rev. Mr. Wassail was convicted, they manifested their willingness to retain him as their pastor if he would solemnly promise never to smoke again. But a large majority of the members, however, ruled that his sin could not be forgiven, and they fired him out. This terrible warning to young preachers not to smoke cannot be too vigorously impressed, and the congregation at Mendon will pass into history as people who are not to be trifled with.

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I have known a good many preachers who smoked, and I cannot say that they were any worse men or worse pastors because they did so. As a rule they had more influence for good amongst their congregation than abnormally good or perfect men ever attain. Sometimes the fact that a man has a habit—which in itself is not good, though it cannot be called vicious—commends him to the sinner, and gets him into sympathy with the unregenerate by means of his unconcealed weakness. The man who assumes too much is apt to be suspected of concealing considerable with the effect of being suspected of not being good at all, but I think the honest, manly man may indulge in a quiet pipe over the preparation of his sermon or in companionship with one of his congregation; and his very likeness to other people will lead the masses to believe that he is exactly what he pretends to be, and his example is apt to teach them, not that tobacco is a good thing to use, but that a man with an occasional weakness may aspire to lead a godly life and be considered good enough for church membership, even if he be not perfect.

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I believe that a large number of people are frightened away from connection with religious bodies by a sense of their own imperfections. They imagine that the standard set up is higher then they dare aspire to. The most honest, modest and straightforward man feels that if he belongs to a church he must be perfect. This is a high ideal, and the people who have raised it watch the churches and when they see the imperfections of the members are apt to be disgusted, not with the imperfect persons, but with the church itself. The pretentiousness of many modern churches and not the imperfections of the members is really the great stumbling-block in the way of Christian progress.

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I would not argue that preachers ought to smoke or chew tobacco, or drink beer, in order to get into sympathy with the world, or lead them to call the sinner hail fellows. That would be conforming to the world rather than trying to reform it. But the individuality of a man, the fact that he feels that he dare smoke, that his influence is not being lessened and the cause of his Master disgraced by his habit should count for something. No preacher dare do such a thing whose life and daily walk and conversation, are not so entirely above reproach that the world will see that his one weakness is but an incident in the man's make-up, and not an indication of other weaknesses and grossness. No doubt it is better to avoid these things, but it seems to me a frightful thing for a church to sit in judgment on their pastor with no charge before them except that in his study he lights his pipe and seeks to think of brighter and more beautiful things to say on the coming Sabbath. For no one can urge that the pipe or cigar has ever made a man beat his family as liquor has done in millions of cases. There is no commandment "Thou shalt not smoke," and who are these people who are trying to add to the teachings of Moses and the prophets and of the Messiah himself?

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I do not know the people of Mendon, Mass., but if they are like the inhabitants of ordinary villages they don't give too many inches of calico to the yard or ounces of tea to the pound; they do not refrain from scandalizing their neighbors nor are they free from magnifying the faults of their betters; their frowns darken their households: their selfishness clouds the lives of those around them; their petty tyranny and sordid meanness narrow their lives and endanger their souls; their lack of truthfulness, candor and charity withers their hearts and makes them but poor candidates for the kingdom of Heaven. I would not allege that any one of them may lack all of these good things or be possessed of all the bad ones, but unless human nature is more perfect there than it is here none of them are perfect, none without sin, while most of them are nearer depravity than they are holiness, and have more sins to account for than good works to proclaim. Yet these people discharged their pastor, who is described as bright, original, and pious, because he smoked. I hope none of them may go to that locality where none of the people smoke but where the place does.

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A half-dozen of the best known divines in Toronto are well-known smokers. I could name a hundred church-wardens, deacons and elders who smoke. More than half the professed Christians of the masculine persuasion use tobacco, and we are not so near perfection that even the greatest infidel may sneer at it as an evidence that Christianity is on the decline. I think I could name half a hundred prominent church workers who are not ashamed in public restaurants to take a glass of beer with their dinner, thereby setting anything but a good example in that one particular thing. But some of these men are as exemplary Christians and thoroughly honorable and good living men as can be found in this whole Dominion. What does this prove? What is proven by the fact that some of the churchwardens, sidesmen and ushers are occasionally profane when they get excited and forget that they have enrolled themselves under the banners of the army of the Cross? These things in themselves prove nothing except that there are a number of men who know their own imperfections who are trying to reform themselves and approach nearer the high and beautiful ideal set up by the Master, and are doing it *within* church rather than staying outside it and trying to improve themselves there. Is it not much better that they should be assisted by the godly surroundings of the religious organizations rather than that drifting alone and with ever-weakening faith they should float above the rocks outside the harbor waiting to enter until they feel that all danger is past?

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I think that such men make a mistake in accepting official positions in the church until they are more free from the "weak and beggarly elements of the world," but sometimes it is difficult to organize a church without the assistance of such men, and they had better go in and help rather than stand back and carp and criticise.

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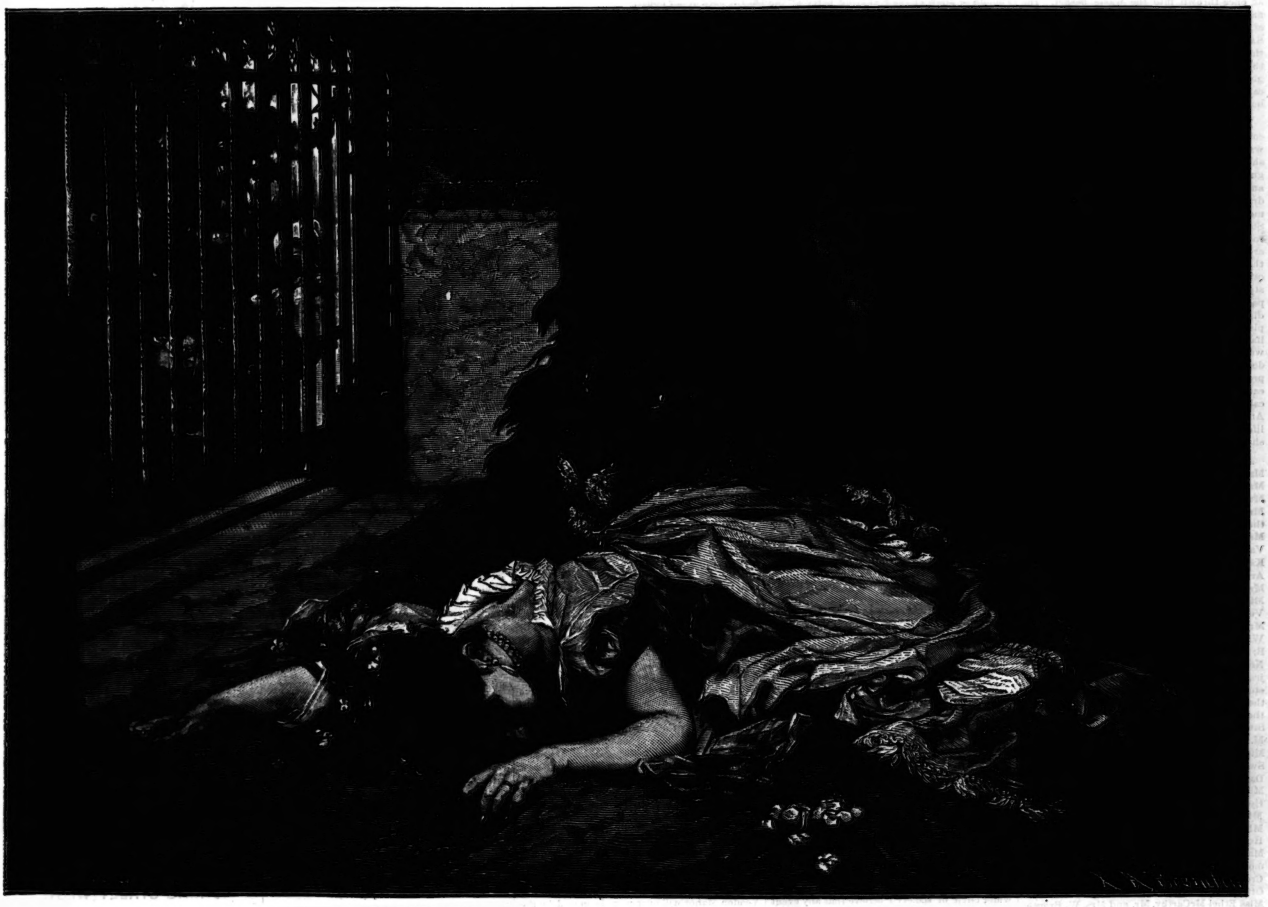
Who is it that is always held up as an example of the failure of the church and its teachings to change the heart of man? Is it he who has some of the weaknesses common to the rest of humanity, who makes the little mistakes that we all make both inside the church and out of it? Not at all. The taunt of the infidel, the sneer of the unzealous, the laughing stock of the sceptic, the stumbling stone in the path of those who are seeking the light is the pretentious man, one whose mouth is religious always except when telling the truth would lose him a dollar, whose words are full of cant, whose manner is sickening with assumed saintliness, who is ready to preach or pray in the market-place or on the house-top, who parades his goodness and makes it do duty as collateral in the bank and an exhibit as a qualification for office before the public, whose life is rotten with dishonesty, whose commercial record is stinking with fraud and hypocrisy. This is the man of whom the churches should be afraid. The smell of hypocrisy is more dangerous on a man's breath than tobacco smoke.

DON.



THE LION'S BRIDE.

For Letterpress see page 6.

The Latest Style.

As your patrons would, I am sure, like to know the latest fashions, I send you the style of a newly arrived Englishman, who paraded on King street this (Thursday) morning, thermometer zero.

Coat—tweed Norfolk blouse, with belt.

Tweed knickerbockers to match. Navy blue knitted stockings, turned down at top, forming a heavy roll.

Laced boots and fawn-colored gaiters.

Christy stiff hat, colored ribbon.

Stick—shepherd's crook, with silver band.

Both the man and his dress caused to gather quite a crowd of admirers; one, a member of the Toronto lacrosse club, wanted to loan the Englishman his bull pup—in order that costume and wearer should be complete.

CANUCK.

To Correspondents.

Write on one side of the paper only, and spell names so plainly that a blind man could read them in the dark. Brevity is the soul of good correspondence, but brevity does not imply meagreness in the matter of facts, description, and news. Matter, to be of use for the next issue, must reach the office not later than Wednesday of each week.

I sincerely regret that owing to the crush of society news this week, and the haste which is being made to have all entertainments over before Lent, I have been unable to give space to a dozen lists of guests and a dozen or more entertainments of various sorts. If my kind friends will please send in their letters earlier I will be obliged, and, remember, they must be signed by the sender, as anonymous letters are at once thrown into the waste basket. The name of the writer is simply desired as a proof of good faith, and not for publication. I think SATURDAY NIGHT can be relied upon to observe the proprieties in this matter. Again, I regret the impossibility, owing to lack of space, of giving all the news I have received. Communicated articles must all be in before Thursday noon.

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Mrs. Cosby's handsome residence at the corner of St. George street and College avenue was a brilliant spectacle on Monday last, when she entertained about six or seven hundred guests. Mrs. Cosby received with the assistance of Miss Stuart of Port Hope in the large drawing-room. Mrs. Cosby wore bronze satin mervelleux, and magnificent diamonds. Miss Stuart's gown was black satin and jet. This room has been recently furnished, and the walls are almost entirely covered with mirrors, at the base of which towered large palms and other plants. The Italian string band was stationed in a nook beside the broad stairway, partially hidden by plants, behind which they dispensed sweet strains, alternately with a pianist who in the drawing-room executed brilliantly on that instrument. Refreshments were served in the dining-room over a table decorated for an artistic eye. Candelabra, with pretty pink shades in quaint designs, stood at each end, while the center was a bank of white calla lilies and Marechal Niel roses and tulips. Around these were arranged the good things of life, jellies, creams, cakes, bon-bons, etc., of all shapes and fancies.

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Among those present were Mrs. Kenneth Mackenzie and Miss Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mrs. Snelling, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Mrs. Alex. Gibson, Mr. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. Meyrick Banks, the Misses Evans, Mr. Kelly Evans, Mrs. Hugh J. Macdonald, Miss and Mr. Vankoughnet, Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, Miss Kate Merritt, Mr. Edward Spragge, Mrs. Arthur Spragge, Miss Mary Campbell, Mrs. Bruce Harmon, Mrs. Fred Grasett, the Misses Bethune, Mr. Willoughby Crooks, Mrs. Vernon Payne, Miss Manning, Miss Hawke, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Brough, Mr. and Mrs. Widmer Hawke, Miss Vickers, Miss and Mr. R. Moffatt, Mr. O. Howland, Mr. W. Parker Newton, Mrs. Crowther, Mr. James Crowther, Jr., Mrs. James Sterling, Miss Strathy of Kingston, the Messrs. Strathy, Mr. Arch. McLean, the Misses McLean, Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, the Misses Armstrong, Mrs. Morrison, Mr. Stuart Morrison, Miss Fannie Small, Miss M. Spratt, the Messrs. Spratt, Mrs. D. Armour, Miss Armour of Cobourg, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. and the Misses Osler, Miss Daisy Brown of Hamilton, Mrs. Thos. Hodgins, Miss Dewar of Hamilton, Miss Dupont, Miss Hendrie of Hamilton, Mr. Frank Jones, the Misses Birchall, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Miss Maud and Mr. Victor Cawthra, Miss Helen Beardmore, Mrs. John Cawthra, Miss Mabel Cawthra, Capt. Macdougall, Lieut. Wadmore, Mrs. Yarker, Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Miss Crooks, Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Mrs. and Miss Otter, Mr. Dudgeon, Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson, Miss Ethel McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. W. Brouse, the Misses Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Gooderham, Mrs. Chas. Temple, Mrs. Harton Walker, the Misses Boulton, Mrs. and the Misses Lockhart, Mr. R. Lockhart, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Heath, Miss Stanton of Cobourg, Mr. Leonard McMurray, Miss Prince, the Misses Rutherford, Mr. Ed. Rutherford, Mr. Brock, Mr. Stinson, Miss Kingsmill, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Totten, the Misses Benson of Port Hope, Mrs. J. D. Edgar, Mr. Broderick, Mrs. Chas. Riordan, Miss Thorburn, Mr. Riordan, Mrs. Skae, Miss C. Cumberland, Mrs. and the Misses Harris, Col. G. T. and Mrs. Denison, the Misses Denison, Mrs. and Miss Bunting, Mrs. Monk, Mrs. Wm. Boultbee, Mrs. Geo. Crawford, Miss Sherwood of Ottawa, Mr. Anglin, Mrs. Chris. Baines, Miss Covernton, Mrs. Henry Moffatt, Mrs Philip Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt.

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Mrs. Beverley Robinson has changed her weekly reception day, at the request of her friends, to Friday.

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Mrs. Henry Ince gave a dance on February 10th at 55 Grenville street.

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Mrs. Saulter Vankoughnet and Miss Vankoughnet, who have been in Winnipeg for some time past, have returned and taken up house-keeping on Bloor street east. Mrs. Hugh J. Macdonald, with whom they have been staying in Winnipeg, has returned with them to spend the winter and spring between here and Ottawa, and is at present with her mother. Mrs. Macdonald is a brilliant acquisition to society and has many friends who will wish to keep her here. Mrs. Vankoughnet will take Friday for a reception day, but is, unfortunately, very ill at present.

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Miss Armour of Cobourg is staying with her sister-in-law, Mrs. D. Armour, Cecil street, for a few weeks.

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Mrs. Wm. Ince, The Patches, 72 Grosvenor street, gave a small tea on Tuesday.

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Mrs. Buckland and Mrs. H. M. Pellatt chaperoned a sleighing party on Friday evening, February 3d. Among those present were the Misses Brown, the Misses Hutchison, Miss Bryson, Miss Buckland, Mr. H. G. and A. W. Buckland, Mr. C. Badenach, Miss Close, the Misses Dill, Miss Holland, Mr. Musson, Mr. Middleton, Mr. Morani, Mr. McCrae, the Misses O'Reilly, Mr. H. R O'Reilly, Mr. Puchin, Mr. Perry, Mrs. Pryne, Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Young. The party returned at 11 p. m., and dancing was indulged in until an early hour at Mrs. Pellatt's house on Sherbourne street.

On account of going to press Friday morning we were unable to publish a full report of the University literary society's conversazione. The secretary had kindly finished us with a programme and the list of those to whom tickets were sent, but the pressure on our society columns forces us to omit them this week. A full report will appear next Saturday.

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Until nearly seven o'clock last Saturday, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny hoped against hope that a change in the weather would come, and that, with nightfall, it would freeze hard enough to allow of their skating party at the Victoria rink taking place. At that hour, however, rain began to fall, and it became apparent that other arrangements must be made. Only by great efforts were this hospitable and popular lady and gentleman able, by means of the telephone and numerous messengers, to inform their guests of the change in their plans, to summon Mr. Corlett and his band to prepare the fortunately unexpected floors of two rooms for dancing, and to have everything ready by half past eight. Some sixty or seventy people, of quite the *creme de la creme*, found such pleasure in a capital floor and excellent music, that they forgot to regret that they were not skating, and when, all too soon, midnight came there were many groans that it was Sunday, and that they must seek their homes. The same excellent arrangements for supper, so much appreciated at Mrs. Yarker's skating party a few weeks ago, were made by Colonel and Mrs. Sweny on this occasion. Numbers of little tables were distributed through all the rooms on the ground floor, so that each couple had a table to themselves, and were enabled to take a comfortable and very enjoyable meal. The guests who enjoyed this delightful event included Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. Banks, Miss Kirkpatrick of Kingston, Miss Beardmore, Miss H. Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Miss Maude Vankoughnet, the Misses Yarker, the Misses Benson of Port Hope, Miss Shanly, Mr. Shanly, Miss Campbell of Carbrooke, Mr. Colin Campbell, Mr. Mayne Campbell, Miss Dawson, Miss Mabel Cawthra, Mr. Cawthra, Mr. Donne, Miss May Jones, Mr. Gordon Jones, Dr. and Mrs. Spragg, Miss Ross, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss Morris, Miss K Merritt, Mr. Hamilton Merritt, Messrs. Fox, Reginald Thomas, Pipon, Miss Robinson, Miss Otter, Colonel Otter, Captains Sears and Macdougall, Miss Mabel Heward, Miss Boulton, Miss Grace Boulton, Messrs. Arthur and Hermann Boulton, the Misses Small, Mr. R. Moffatt, Mr. Cassimer Dickson, Captain Geddes.

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Some few weeks ago I spoke somewhat doubtingly of the success of a leap year dance at Government House, and expressed my opinion that society in Toronto was somewhat too "correct" to approve of a perhaps rather *outre* form of amusement. I must state this week that my doubts have not been realized, and that the undoubted conventionalism and conservatism of "the circle" have not been proof against a novelty so attractive and so perfectly harmless as that introduced by Miss Marjorie Campbell. In 1884, and even so far back as 1880, I heard of many successful leap year parties in the country, though I believe nobody ventured to try the experiment in Toronto. The reasons why Miss Campbell's venture was a success were twofold. In the first place anything done under the seal of viceroyalty must be all right, and in the second place the invitations were most wisely and properly confined to some fifty or sixty people, all of whom knew each other very well. Under other auspices and in a wider circle of society I believe that any event of the kind would be attended by failure. I will go further and say that a repetition of the experiment, even under similar happy conditions, would not prove as successful as the undoubtedly charming affair of Monday last. Once is enough; the gloss of the novelty has fallen off, and at the second essay it would be found that it had not been renewed. For men gentlemen with sashes round their waists, fans in their hands and flowers in their hair and at their bosoms were a funny, an amusing sight, but seen a second time they would appear simply foolish, ridiculous. It is no doubt very pleasant if one is a gallant, and therefore has been used to the other thing, to take one's supper in comfort, one's every want supplied by the sweet hands of charming handmaidens, but if one is a true cavalier it is a comfort only of the body, a feeling that things are somehow unnatural and upside down, possesses one, and one's mind cannot therefore be fully at ease. It is not long before it ceases to be amusing to take a lady's arm instead of having the charming creature on ones own, and when the novelty is forgotten, comes the consciousness that even the plumpest of have much is rather a thin and frail support for ones gloved hand.

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Amongst the belles of the occasion were Mrs. Sears, Miss Geddes, the Misses Arthur and Hermann Boulton, Mrs. Shanly, Miss Hume Blake, Miss Percy Hodgins, Mrs. Dyce Saunders, the Ladies Hollyer and Eden Heward, Miss Reginald Thomas, Mrs. Gordon Jones and Miss Wallace Jones, the Countess of Gamble, the Marchioness of Fox, Miss Moffatt, Miss Heaton, the Misses Archie and Mayne Campbell, Mrs. Nordheimer, Miss Roberts, Miss Cayley, the Dowager Lady Small, Lady Sidney Small.

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Amongst the ladies were Miss Marjorie Campbell in a very becoming dress of black tulle and yellow; Mrs. Albert Nordheimer in her Marguerite of yellow and white; Mrs. Yarker in a very pretty costume of pale blue and silver; Miss Bain in a charming gown of pale gold and white, with daisies; Miss Beatty in a not less charming dress of yellow silk; Miss Brough in Nile-green and pink.

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Miss May Jones has issued cards for an At Home at 9 p. m. on February 23rd. The period of society's Lenten fasting will then have begun, so the omission of the word dancing from the place in the lower left hand corner where it is always looked for, surprised nobody. It was however a visible sign that the days of giddy gaiety are numbered, and that the most must be made of the few of them that are left.

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On Friday of last week, Mrs. Alexander Morris' fine house on Jarvis street was the scene of a pleasant afternoon At Home. A smaller affair given by this lady early in the present season was so enjoyable that few who were present then, and who were again bidden last week, failed to put in an appearance. One cannot, however, go to Mrs. Morris' house in the afternoon without wishing that it was summer, that one might wield the racket and strike the flannel-coated ball, on the excellent turf of the tree-embowered tennis-ground, at the back of her house.

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I must correct, what in my last week's gossip, was a serious error of printer and proof-reader. Commenting on the music at the Yacht Club ball, I said that it was very *fair*, but Mr. Bayley needs a piano to give body and steadiness to his orchestra, or words to that effect. My epithet fair was, in the printing, changed to poor, thus making nonsense of the sentence, and giving an entirely wrong impression of what I meant.

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Another very pleasant tea party was that given by Mrs. Burton, at her picturesque old house on Wellington street, on Tuesday. The best of society showed that it appreciated the invitation of so popular and untiringly hospitable a lady by coming to her house almost en masse. Mrs. Burton's garden, like that of the lady mentioned above, is also a favorite resort of tennis players and those who like to watch the game, while its propinquity to the Toronto lawn tennis club makes it easy for members to don their flannels in the club pavilion, to play a set or two on their own grounds, and then one or two more on that of this kindly hostess. There good and bad strokes are always applauded or criticized by feminine lips and hands—the very best incentive to great exertions on the part of the players.

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Amongst those present I noticed Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, the Misses Evans, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. Arthur Evans, Mr. Nichol Kingsmill, Miss Kingsmill, the Misses Boulton, Mr. Harry Hayes, Mrs Arthur Spragge, Miss Madeline Cameron, Miss Mabel Heward, Miss Adelaide Sullivan, Miss Prince of Geneva, N. Y., Mr. Bernard, Miss Langmuir, Mrs. and the Misses Cayley, Miss Tully, Mrs. J. Sterling, Miss Strathy of Kingston, Mrs. Chas. Ferguson, Mr. A. J. Maune Campbell, Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. Fox, Mrs. Yarker, the Messrs. Boulton, Mr. Heaton, the Misses Benson of Port Hope.

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In spite of snow at first and then rain, some twelve or fourteen sleighs attended the meet of the Toronto sleighing club at the guns in the Queen's Park last Saturday. The drive was by a circuitous route of some eight miles to the New Fort. Trains on some of the numerous railways that had to be crossed caused temporary alarm to some of the fair occupants of the sleighs, but the fort was reached and the drive home accomplished without the occurence of any mishap like that which befel Mr. Gordon Jones almost at the President's door last Saturday. The mess house of the officers was kindly placed at the club's disposal for tea, and Colonel Otter, Captains Sears, Macdougall and other gallant officers did all that hosts could do for the comfort and refreshment of their guests. The drive to-day is to be as on many previous Saturdays, to the Eagle hotel at Weston.

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Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra will not rest on the laurels they have earned by their brilliant fancy dress ball. They have issued numerous invitations for an At Home on Wednesday, February 15th, so that the spacious halls of Yeadon Manor will once more be graced by the town's fairest and most gallant.

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When my gossip is being put into print, society will be enjoying almost its last pre-Lental fling at Mr. and Mrs. Dalton McCarthy's hospitable mansion. The consciousness that t h is the last event of importance, and that forty days of abstinence from the pleasures of the dance are at hand, will ensure people bidding farewell to their favorite and fascinating amusement by enjoying themselves to the utmost. But it is a sad thought. For six long weeks—

"Hands promiscuously applied
Round the slight waist or down the glowing side,"

must seek other resting places, but will find none more sweet, and feet that have long kept time to the languorous and throbbing pulsation of the intoxicating valse, must rest or tire themselves in some less delightful fashion.

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Without some special feature such as music, or if it be evening, dancing, it is very difficult for a large assembly of people to engage themselves. Toronto people are not as a rule *blase*. Society can generally manage to enjoy almost any kind of entertainment. A large affair, especially if it is not confined to "the circle," and if no special amusement is provided is always the most difficult to carry off. How many times and at how many houses have I scanned people's faces and thought of Lord Byron's lines:

"Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty t ibes, the bores and bored."

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Lady Wilson gave an afternoon tea last Saturday, at which all the elite were present. Lady Wilson also has cards out for a dance on February 13th.

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Mrs. Mandeville Merritt, St. Albans street, gave a tea on Wednesday afternoon, at which were present, amongst others, Mrs. Chris. Baines, Mrs. Bruce Harmen, Mrs. and the Misses Langely, Mrs. Edward Spragge and others.

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The Vancouver of the Dominion Line brought us back from England on her last trip, two old time Toronto favorites, whom Toronto society will welcome back, Mrs. George W. Torrance and Mr. Harry Hayes, the popular secretary of the Toronto lawn tennis club. Mr. Hayes went away on the sick list and as he returns looking decidedly heartier, we hope that he has entirely recovered.

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Another favorite has returned here, but not from England. Montreal sends us this week the beautiful Miss Brehaut on a visit to numerous friends here. Miss Brehaut will be remembered as one of the Dresden china figures at the World's Fair, who worked so magically and profitably for the Orphans' home. She is at present with Mrs. Victor Armstrong, McCaul street.

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Mrs. King of Simcoe is staying at Eastcote, Queen's Park, Mrs. Cumberland's residence.

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This is the season for teas, two and three, and even four, being heard of each day. Mrs. Goring, Huron street, had one on Wednesday also, and Mrs. Connelly, Henry street, gave one on Friday (yesterday).

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A good arrangement was hit upon by Mrs. Milligan at her dance last week, which in many cases it would be well to follow. The supper-room being small, all the married people were asked to go in first, and after them the young people. This, as may easily be seen, was a convenient and easy method of preventing the awkward and aggravating crowd in the supper-room.

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A large and fashionable gathering graced Mrs. Gibson's rooms on Wednesday, when she entertained many of her friends at tea. It was a bitterly cold day, and people were glad to seek the comfort of Mrs. Gibson's rooms, tea, coffee, claret cup, etc. The hostess was assisted by her niece, Miss Montizambert of Quebec, who is staying with her, and Miss Moffatt.

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Those present were, Mrs. Thomas Hodgins, Mrs. Otter, Miss Otter, Mr. and Miss Hodgins, the Misses Evans, Mrs. and Miss Brough, the Misses Birchall, Miss Brehant of Montreal, Mrs. A. H. Campbell, Miss Campbell, Mrs. Heinamen of South Carolina, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. Stephen Heward, Mrs. Alb rt Nordheimer, Mrs. Arthur Spragge, Mrs. Bruce Harmen, Mrs. Chris. Baines, Mrs. R. A. Hoskins, Mr. Hoskins, Mrs. and Miss Thorburn, Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Riordon, the Misses Todd, Mr. Donn, Mrs. Vernon Payne, Miss M. Spratt, Miss Armour of Cobourg, Mr. and Mrs. Major of Ottawa, Miss Eva Morris, Mrs. Ogden, Miss Maude Cawthra, Miss Bunting, Mr. Brock, Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Miss Constance Boulton, Mr. Arthur Evans, Mr. and Miss Mickle, Mr. Bernard of India, Mrs. Dawson, Miss Dawson, Mrs. Henry Moffatt, Mrs. Morgan Cosby, Miss Stuart of Port Hope, the Misses McLean, Mrs. Hills, Mrs. James Sterling, Miss Strathy of Kingston, Mrs. Arkle, Mr. Casimer Dickson, Mr. Gordon Jones, Miss Jones, Miss Ross of Liverpool, England, Mrs. Charles Temple, Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison and Mrs. Denison, Captain Septimus Denison and Mrs. Denison, Lieut. Wadmore, Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. Maule, the Misses Maule, Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, Miss K. Merritt, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Ernest Edwards, Mrs. Kenneth Mackenzie, Miss Isabel Mackenzie, Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, the Misses Shanly, Mrs. Chas. T. Ferguson, Mrs. McMurray, Miss Tilley, Mrs. Sweeney.

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Miss Robinson left on Monday for a long visit to Ottawa and other places. Her departure leaves a void, and many a hostess, especially, will welcome her back, for her beautiful gift of song turns many a dull tea-party and many a slow evening At Home into brightness and pleasure.

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Miss Ethel Benson has returned to Port Hope and left her fair hostesses mourning her departure; her sister, Miss Emily Benson, is fortunately still left to us. May it be long before she forsakes McCaul and Carlton street for her own home.

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Another of its charming inhabitants has returned to Port Hope. The sad news of the sudden death of a near relative has called Miss Violet Seymour away, and the house of Mrs. Albert Nordheimer knows her no more.

(Continued on page 11.)

CHINA HALL

49 King Street East, Toronto.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Five o'clock Cups and Saucers,
Five o'clock Tea Sets,
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The Household.

The other day a friend of mine from the "Ambitious City," coming out of one of the down-town restaurants, was accosted by an acquaintance from a still more ambitious city, in embryo, somewhat farther west, a pompous, vulgar little fellow, who seemed in a great state of bustle and hurry. "Oh, I can't stop to talk to you. I've got to catch my train, and I want to buy some oyster shells to take home." My friend, who is of a rustic turn of mind, mildly surmised that they were for the poultry. "Man alive! No. Why I was up dinin' to my friend Judge —— last night, and Mrs. J. put me up to just the very biggest wrinkle. She says oysters on the half shell are not always to be got, and such a bother anyhow, so she just buys some shells and serves the bulk oysters on 'em—and no one knows the difference! We can't never get oysters in the shell at home, so I'm goin' to buy a lot of shells in here and take 'em up with me. You come and buy some too." My friend declined to profit by this stupendous wrinkle, but came up to lunch instead, and related his experience to my infinite amusement. Ye shades of basswood hams and wooden nutmegs, hide your diminished heads! for of all the ghastly shams perpetrated upon too confiding guests this, in my opinion, "takes the whole confectionery." But it is consoling to reflect what fun it must be to those who do "know the difference," and how they must laugh in their sleeve. Apropos, this week I offer you several very good ways of preparing this ever popular delicacy.

OYSTER SOUP.—Two quarts of white stock, one ditto of bulk oysters, sweet cream, mace, nutmeg, lemon peel, one onion, one bunch of parsley, one head of celery, butter and flour. Make the stock as follows, the day before required for use: Take any remains of cold poultry you may have, four lbs. of the knuckle of veal, the bone chopped into small bits (if veal is not obtainable use mutton), a bunch of parsley, one onion and a head of celery cut up fine. Cover with, say, three quarts of cold water; bring quickly to boiling; skim well and set back where it will simmer gently for six hours, when it will be reduced to about two quarts; strain and put by for use. The next day take off all the fat, turn into a lined saucepan, and add the oyster liquor, the hard parts of the oysters, a slice of lemon peel, a salt-spoonful of ground mace, ditto white pepper, and a "dash" of cayenne and nutmeg. Simmer all together for half an hour, strain into a clean saucepan and let it cool. Warm two tablespoonsful of butter and add gradually four ditto of flour. When a smooth paste add a cup of good cream and stir into the cooled stock. Return to the fire and stir constantly till it boils. If too thick, thin it to the desired consistency with cream. At the moment of serving have the stock boiling hot and throw in the oysters; let them remain for about half a minute, or till the edges begin to curl, but on no account allow the soup to boil after they are in; salt to taste and serve immediately. If you salt it and boil afterward, it will curdle.

CREAMED OYSTERS.—One pint of the best bulk oysters, one and a-half pint sweet cream, a small bunch of savory herbs, including parsley, lemon peel and mace, butter and flour, seasoning. Put the cream on in the double boiler, with a pinch of mace, a strip of lemon peel, the herbs, and the liquor and pearls, or hard parts of the oysters. Let remain until the cream is well flavored, strain and when cooled a little, stir into it one tablespoonful of butter mixed smoothly with two of flour and made into a cream with a little cold milk. Return to the boiler and stir till thick. Put in the oysters for one minute, salt and pepper to taste and serve on slices of dry toast.

LITTLE PIGS IN BLANKETS.—An American recipe and a very excellent one. Season large oysters with salt and pepper; cut fat English bacon in very thin slices, wrap an oyster in each slice and fasten with a little skewer. (Those very suggestive articles one sees scattered round in wineglasses on hotel and restaurant tables would answer very well). Heat a frying pan and put in the "little pigs"—cook just long enough to crisp the bacon—about two minutes. Place on small slices of toast, without removing the skewers. The pan must be very hot before the "pigs" are put in; and then great care must be taken that they do not burn.

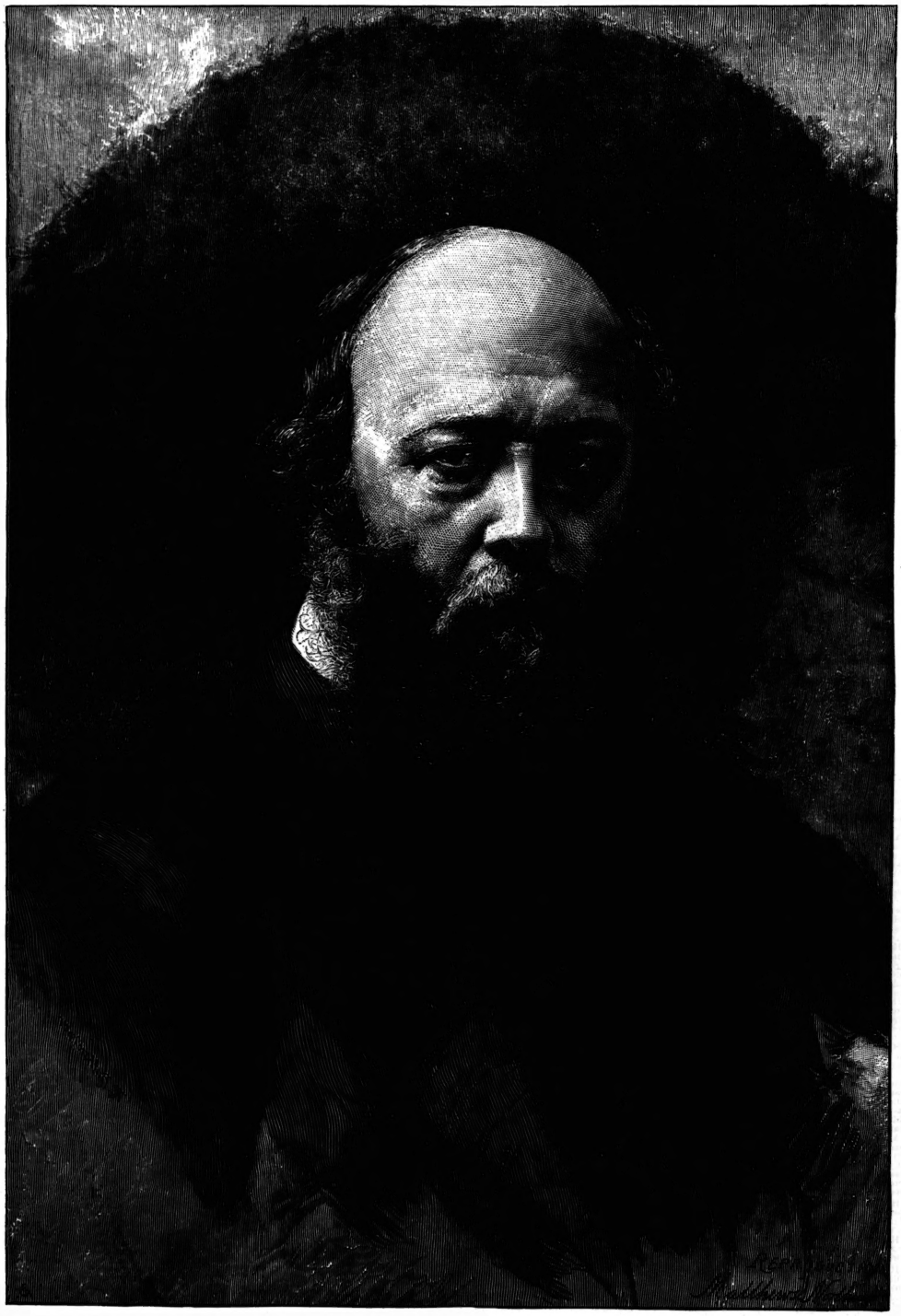
NOTES.—In whatever manner you wish to prepare your oysters the first essential thing is to pick them over carefully one by one. I always wash mine in salt and water, drying afterwards in a soft linen cloth; for I've known many an otherwise good dish ruined by neglect of care in this particular, little bits of grit and shell being left.

The above is my mother's recipe for oyster soup, and, though somewhat troublesome, amply repays you for the labor, and you will find that it is rather different from the watery stuff one sees so often now-a-days—made with milk and the oyster liquor, thickened with cracker dust, and two or three little hard black objects floating about and supposed to be doing duty for oysters. Long years ago, when New Year's day was kept in the old-fashioned way, gallons of it used to be made, and greatly appreciated by the crowds of jolly, rollicking merrymakers who used, year after year, to drive out in great sleigh loads some half dozen miles over the sparkling snow to bring a New Year's greeting to the beautiful mistress of the old home.

"In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality,"

And I "sole daughter of the house," in my holiday frock, romping among the guests, used to feel awfully proud to be able to tell them that I had "helped to make it," and so I had! It was long before the days of "mushroom aristocracy" and my mother was too much of a gentlewoman to imagine that it was *infra dig.* for her child daughter to learn some useful lessons in the kitchen, or to be brought up something better than a pretty doll. (Pity there are not more like her to-day, I know many lovely girls, brilliant as butterflies, who couldn't cook a potato properly to save their souls.) She has been dead these twenty years, and a score and more of the cheery old faces that used to smile at my childish conceit have vanished with hers into the land of shadows, and but one is left to regret the good old days—"a sad and weary woman with all her illusions gone."

"It is strange; but Life's currents drift us
So surely and swiftly on,
That we scarcely notice the changes,
And how many things are gone."



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY. *For Letterpress see page 6.*

Art and Artists.

On Saturday afternoons Mr. L. R. O'Brien's handsome studio is nearly always crowded by the many friends to whom the President of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts is At Home on that day. Amiable and unaffected, he is always ready to talk about everything except his own pictures. He told me last Saturday he intended to spend next summer in the Far West, and if he returns with as many beautiful sketches in his portfolio as he did from his last trip, it will be time well spent, not only for himself, but for every Canadian who loves to see Canada's Switzerland grandly portrayed on canvas. He hopes to go further north than before, and if possible will do the coast scenery as far up as Alaska.

*

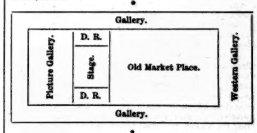
The projected art fair is taking shape, and nearly every feature outlined by the artists at the preliminary meetings, Mr. O'Brien tells me, is likely to be included. Though this matter has already been referred to in this column, and the programme given, the undertaking is so praiseworthy that it deserves further attention. Canadian art needs some impetus, and the proposed fair will do much to encourage artists and excite discussion and interest among those who should be more generous in their patronage of native talent. Following is a list of the influential gentlemen who will act on the general committee:

Hon. Sir Alex. Campbell, K.C.M.G., Lieut.-Governor of Ontario; Hon. Sir D. L. Macpherson, K. C. M. G.; Hon. G. W. Allan, President Ontario Society of Artists; Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education; G. R. Cockburn, Esq., M.P.; the Mayor of Toronto; Dr. Daniel Wilson, President University College; E. B. Osler, Esq.; Col. Sweny; Dalton McCarthy, Esq., Q. C.; J. K. Kerr, Esq., Q. C.; J. Herbert Mason, Esq.; G. W. Yarker, Esq.; O. A. Howland, Esq.

ARTISTS:

L. R. O'Brien, R.C.A., President Royal Canadian Academy; Wm. Revell, A.R.C.A., Vice-President Ontario Society of Artists; Jos. Connolly, R.C.A.; Frank Darling, R.C.A.; J. C. Forbes, R.C.A.; A. H. Howard, R.C.A.; Jas. Smith, R.C.A., Secretary Royal Canadian Academy; Henry Langley, R.C.A.; M. Matthews, R.C.A.; T. M. Martin, R.C.A.; H. Feire, R.C.A.; W. G. Storm, R.C.A.; A. Dickson Patterson, R.C.A.

*



*

The above diagram shows how the rink is to be arranged. Forty feet at the east end is to serve as a picture gallery, where a loan collection is to be exhibited. It is to be classified so as to be more instructive and easily understood. A stage is to be erected at the west end where tableaux vivants, illustrating the progress of art in various epochs, are to be given; also musical entertainments representing the songs and minstrelsy of various countries.

*

The center portion of the rink will represent an old English market place, and the shops and houses will be peopled by ladies in the costume of the period. Everything will be illustrative of the old times, and I have no doubt the fair, if it is vigorously managed, will attract almost as large crowds of visitors as the musical festival did. IVAN.

Apres Vous.

He was such a pleasant fellow,
So polite, so polished too;
Everywhere we went together,
He would murmur, "After you!"

Did we reach a door together,
He would never first go through,
But would wait to let me pass him,
Saying softly, "After you!"

Was there anything we wanted,
And was not enough for two,
He would always let me have it,
Always muttered, "After you!"

So it was on each occasion,
Whatsoe'er the case might be,
He would never be the leader,
But was always after me.

He has borrowed fifty dollars,
Maybe 'tis a passing whim,
But he has not since been heard of,
And I now am after him.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

FIRST HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

THE DUCHESS' PLOT.

BY S. C.

CHAPTER I.

The towers of Delvigne Castle reared themselves proudly above the noble oaks and spreading elms which surrounded them.

The ivy hung in picturesque festoons, and in many parts the moss-grown stones were crumbling away to decay and threatened to tumble down altogether, for the owner of this old baronial pile, and of the wide-spreading and lovely demesne which stretched as far as the eye could reach, was, in spite of his large possessions and ancient lineage, a poor man, and could not afford to spend what was necessary to keep his castle from falling into ruin.

"Montague, tenth earl of Delvigne, had succeeded to an estate heavily encumbered through the follies and extravagances of his predecessors.

By strict economy and self-denial, or by a wealthy marriage, he might have cleared off most of the mortgages, and after many years made the property again valuable.

But the present earl was an easy-going and somewhat selfish man, and candidly stated that he had no intention of making his life miserable in order that his successor might reap the benefit of his self-denial.

He preferred to take as much pleasure out of his existence as was possible—married a woman without a fortune who bore him his heir, and raised fresh loans on the Delvigne acres.

When remonstrated with, Lord Delvigne laughingly justified his acts, and finished up with the oft-quoted question.

"What has posterity done for me, that I should punish myself to enrich it?"

Two children were born to the earl—a son and a daughter.

The son promised fair to redeem the faults of his race and the ancestral name, being a young man of methodical, economic habits, and profound common-sense.

He always manifested a dutiful but severe disapprobation of his father's lax rule and general short-comings, and the earl in his secret heart stood in great awe of his youthful mentor, and felt relieved that he seldom came to the castle.

Walter, Lord Alsden, had taken a step undreamt of by any previous heir of Delvigne.

He was determined to do something for himself that would bring him in money, and keep him from further draining the family purse, which was already pretty well exhausted.

The earl had remonstrated with his son when he insisted on entering the foreign office, and asked him of what use a few hundred pounds a year would be to him; but the wise young man clearly demonstrated to his improvident parent that even that sum saved and laid by would, in the course of time, be a considerable help in paying off some of the more pressing debts.

He carried out his intentions, and at the time our tale opens, he had a very good appointment in the diplomatic service at Vienna, and a comfortable balance at his bankers, instead of being head and ears in debt as were most of his predecessors at his age.

In a few years more he intended to marry a rich wife, and there was no doubt but that his reign would bring prosperous days to Delvigne, and that the old castle would be repaired and the establishment kept up as became the earls of Delvigne.

It was a strange thing that, in spite of all his perfections, the coming earl was not half such a favorite as his indolent and faulty old father.

The dependents about the castle looked coldly upon him, and hoped it would be long before he became master, and brought them to book on sundry little matters to which the old earl was so conveniently blind.

Lord Delvigne, although he respected and was proud of his son, never felt at his ease with him, and his only sister positively disliked him.

His mother, of course, had idolized him, but she had died many years before the time we are writing of.

Like most men of similar character, Lord Delvigne was good-natured and hospitable.

He kept open house, and had adopted a cousin, whose father left her almost penniless.

This cousin, Maude Chenery, lived at the castle, and was treated by the earl in every way as if she had been his younger daughter.

There was also a certain Cyril Shenstone, to whom Delvigne Castle had been as a home in his boyhood.

His father had been a great friend of Lord Delvigne's and, when he was dying, had asked the peer to be guardian to his son.

Lord Delvigne accepted the trust cheerfully, and fulfilled it with all kindness.

Cyril Shenstone had three hundred a year of his own, and this the guardian was quite ready to supplement by occasional handsome "tips" when his ward grew up, deeming the sum quite insufficient for the wants of a dashing young Oxonian.

But Cyril Shenstone was too proud to receive anything but kindness from his good-natured friend, and he made his income cover his expenditure.

His spirit had been roused and his eyes opened by some very candid and sensible remarks of Lord Alsden's who, during one of his home visits, had taken Cyril apart, and lectured him on the necessity of fighting his own way in the world, as he was himself doing.

All this was only right and proper, and Cyril Shenstone, who received the wise counsel, had every intention of following it; but, unfortunately, Lord Alsden added to it an exordium on his father's liabilities, and his foolishness in increasing them by open house and hospitality and generosity, and gave Cyril a very plain hint that he hoped he would not take advantage of such weakness.

The consequences were that Cyril Shenstone pained his guardian by refusing all his well-meant gifts, and felt uncomfortable if he remained for long together at the castle.

It was great self-denial to the young man to shorten his pleasant visits, and required an immensity of resolution, for he was deeply in love with Lady Constance, Lord Delvigne's only daughter, and found little joy except when he was in her presence.

Lady Constance loved Cyril Shenstone as much as it was in her hard cold nature to love anyone, for she was too fond of luxury to dream for a moment of married life in a poor man.

She had all the faults of her father and brother without their redeeming virtues.

She had inherited the mother's self-indulgent disposition, without his kindheartedness and good temper, and she had all her brother's hard, cold, calculating character, without the rectitude which turned such qualities to good account.

Indeed, Lady Constance was troubled by very few scruples or principles.

She and Lord Alsden never met without quarrelling.

He endeavored to lecture her into being less extravagant and less careless about the way things were going on, but Lady Constance had been spoiled and indulged all her life, and was not of a temper to welcome correction, and she sharply bade her brother to hold his tongue, and not to anticipate his reign by dictating to her.

As a way of revenging herself upon him for his interference, she always got her father to gratify some new extravagant whim of hers the moment Lord Alsden left the castle.

It was seven o'clock on an August evening, and the Lady Constance stood alone in her room.

She had dressed for dinner early, and dismissed her maid.

She stood there, then, a splendidly moulded woman, with a sinuous grace in every movement.

Luxuriant blue-black hair, starry eyes, dark as midnight, with long curled lashes, a low, smooth brow, a rather aquiline nose, a full red mouth, lined with small, pearly teeth, and a complexion rich and soft as a freshly-gathered peach.

No wonder Cyril Shenstone had lost his heart to this peerless creature; no wonder the fastidious and cynical Duke of Welsham, who for the last twenty years had been the object of the most skilful and unwearied matrimonial pursuit, had fallen a victim to Lady Constance's charms, and surrendered at once.

Lady Constance had only met his grace a few times at the close of the last London season; but that was sufficient to captivate him.

He followed her to the country, and on the very day we make Lady Constance's acquaintance, he has proposed to her and been accepted.

It was a great triumph; as Duchess of Welsham she would have all her soul most prized—a proud position, magnificent jewels and establishment, and unbounded wealth.

It was a fine match for the penniless daughter of an impoverished earl, and yet Lady Constance looked like anything but a woman who had just gained the desire of her heart.

There was a small dinner party at Delvigne Castle that evening to meet the Duke, and she was dressed with more than ordinary care—a young girl, but her regal style of beauty looked best in such attire, and she knew it.

Her amber-satin dress was plentifully trimmed with costly black lace, and made in the most elaborate fashion, almost like a court-dress. Her ornaments were opals and diamonds; they sparkled in the coils of her glossy black hair, and flashed on her snowy neck and rounded arms.

But fair and splendid as the Lady Constance looked a lowering frown on her brow and a hard tightening of her lips somewhat marred her beauty.

What could she have to trouble her or to cause such a dissatisfied look upon evil expression?

Only the contrast between two men of whom she was thinking.

The one—young, strong, handsome and frank, who, only a week before, had held her in his arms and pressed his lips unreproved to hers; the other—a middle-aged, repulsive-looking roue with a hard, cynical heart and disagreeable manners.

And these men were Cyril Shenstone, the poor man whom Lady Constance had sworn to love, and the Duke of Welsham, whom she was going to marry.

With all her selfishness and coolness Lady Constance could not contemplate unmoved the meeting with Cyril. He had been absent from the castle for some days, and knew nothing of the duke's visit and her engagement.

He had returned that afternoon, and before she saw him at dinner he would have learned all.

How would he take it? What would he think of her falsehood? Would he reproach her and try to punish her, or turn from her with the haughty curl of lip she knew so well, and which she shrank from seeing turned against herself?

He was just the man to scorn a woman who acted as she had done, and although she had duped him and was about to marry another Lady Constance felt not boor to resign him or to see him free from her toils.

If she could not marry him herself, at least she resolved to keep him from marrying or loving any other woman.

"I am glad we have people to dinner," she thought; "Cyril will have time to get over his first rage before I see him alone."

But in this Lady Constance was mistaken. At that very moment Cyril Shenstone was waiting to waylay her as she went down to the drawing-room.

After the earl told him the news of her engagement, he had vainly tried to find her, but she was wise enough to keep out of his way.

Cyril Shenstone was quite aware that she was purposely avoiding him, and he was equally determined to have it out with his false lady-love before the guests arrived.

He therefore dressed for dinner as quickly as possible, and then took up his position in one of the rooms which Lady Constance should pass on her way downstairs.

He kept the door a little open, and paced angrily up and down with a white set face and a wicked gleam in his fine grey eyes.

He heard a light footstep approaching and quickly darted out, but it was only Maud Chenery, as great a contrast to the splendid Lady Constance as could be imagined. A slight girlish figure in a soft white dress, and natural roses in her sunny brown hair, a tender womanly mouth, and deep violet eyes.

Very beautiful, too, she was, in her own style, and a woman in whose love a man would find soothing rest.

It was impossible that she could inspire the fierce passion which Lady Constance's victims felt; on the contrary, to love her would elevate and calm the most unruly heart. Yet Cyril Shenstone, who knew all the sweetness of her disposition and the treasures of her pure mind, had never bestowed a thought of love on the fair young girl, but had lavished the strength of his heart's first passion on one who was utterly incapable of appreciating its worth.

When Cyril Shenstone saw that it was Maude Chenery and not Lady Constance, his face plainly showed the disappointment he felt; and the pained look and vivid blush with which Maude greeted him would have betrayed to a keen observer that the sensitive girl loved him and was deeply hurt by his indifference to her.

It was a strange blindness on Cyril Shenstone's part that he never suspected the truth, but his love for Lady Constance was so absorbing that we had eyes and ears for nothing else.

Maude Chenery well knew that it was so. She had seen clearly all along that her cousin would never see the sacrifice of marrying a poor man, and that even if she did she was unsuited for the life, and would be miserable herself, and make her husband so too.

Maude's gentle breast swelled with indignation when she watched the cruel way in which Lady Constance played with the true love offered to her. She almost hated her for spoiling Cyril's life just to gratify her passing fancy and feed her vanity by keeping him her slave.

You know the duke had proposed and been accepted, Cyril Shenstone would be rudely awakened from his infatuation, but Maude felt sure that his heart would suffer, and her unselfish heart was heavy with grief for him.

As she looked upon his altered face she saw how hardly he had been hit by the blow, and she rightly guessed that he was waiting to see Lady Constance.

It seemed to her that such an interview would have no result but to increase his pain, and in her gentle way she tried to dissuade him from it.

"Won't you come down to the drawing-room with me, Cyril?" she asked softly, raising her eyes pleadingly to his. "I want to show you those new designs for the schoolhouse before anyone comes."

"Thank you, Maude, but I cannot go down just yet," he replied shortly. "I am waiting to see Constance."

"Oh, Cyril, what good can that do?" she exclaimed, tearfully.

"My dear Maude, you forget I have to offer her my congratulations," he answered with a harsh laugh. "Don't you think that after securing such a splendid match, she deserves all our admiration and congratulation?"

"I don't like to hear you talk like that, Cyril," said Maude sorrowfully. "I am afraid you feel this greatly."

"Perhaps I do, Maude; it is not a pleasant feeling for a man to know he has been duped and fooled; but I am not the sort of fellow to sit down and cry under my punishment. I shall get over it, never fear."

"I am sure of that, Cyril; you are not a weak man, but you will only pain yourself by seeing Constance here.

"Not at all; I shall be much better once I have had it out with her, so please, Maude, leave the coast clear for our interview. It can't be very long ere she comes now.

With a heavy sigh Maude went away.

"How could Constance give him up for such a man as that Duke of Welsham?" she thought indignantly. "She has no heart, and yet how Cyril loves her!"

"She is a kind, true-hearted little thing, and worth a dozen of such woman as Constance," said Cyril Shenstone bitterly, as he looked after Maude; but, in spite of the remark, it was for Constance alone that his heart longed.

"I just he knew that she was coming; he heard the rustle of her dress and the trailing of her heavy train, as she glided along in all the splendor of her glowing beauty and the sparkle of her flashing jewels.

Cyril Shenstone stepped out before her, and for a moment they faced each other in silence.

Then, Lady Constance could not escape him, she was resolved to bear herself proudly and show no weakness.

"How do you do, Cyril?" she said, holding out her hand. "When did you come back?"

He did not take her hand, but stood looking at her in stern anger.

"I have been back some hours," he replied. "I hoped to see you before you went to dress, but as I was not so fortunate, perhaps you will allow me a few moment's conversation now?"

"I really cannot," she answered sharply. "It is full time for me to go down to the drawing-room.

"Nevertheless I must detain you for a few moments," he observed, and laying his hand on her arm, he quietly but firmly drew her into the room, and closing the door stood against it. "Is it true that you are going to marry the Duke of Welsham?" he asked sternly.

"You know very well that it is true," answered Lady Constance, passionately. "I was not false when I said so. If I were free to consult my own heart and follow my own inclinations, I would rather marry you than any other man; but I am not. We are both paupers, and can not afford to think of love."

"If you knew what true love was, you would not talk so," remarked Cyril Shenstone scornfully; "you would prize me above all the luxury the Duke of Welsham can offer you. But I know what you are now—a cold-hearted selfish woman, quite incapable of any sacrifice or disinterested affection; you are willing to stifle all your womanly instincts, and to tie yourself to a man you must despise—all for one vain greed."

"You are hard and unjust, Cyril. If you cared for me, as you pretend, you would pity me for being driven to such an act."

Cyril Shenstone laughed bitterly.

"Pity you!" he exclaimed; "for what? Of your own free will, and forced by no one, you deliberately choose rank and wealth and reject true love. I would have thought nothing of any privation so long as I had you; but you have no such ideas."

"You are talking arrant nonsense!" exclaimed Lady Constance. "You know perfectly well that you have no means to support a wife, so it is childish to talk of marriage between us."

"And holding these wise opinions, you yet accepted my love and my caresses, and led me to think that you were mine alone," remarked Cyril Shenstone in a tone of such withering scorn as brought a deep blush to Lady Constance's cheek.

She feared that her power over him was indeed slipping away. She could not bear to let him go, and resolved to try what blandishments would do.

"Ah, Cyril, I do love you!" she murmured softly, raising her magnificent eyes to his with a passionate look, and laying her hand on his arm; "I am wretched in this marriage, but I have no escape. It would ruin you as well as me to marry. Papa is failing fast, and you know what Walter is, and that he would like me to marry a husband so too."

Maude's gentle breast swelled with indignation when she watched the cruel way in which Lady Constance played with the true love offered to her. She almost hated her for spoiling Cyril's life just to gratify her passing fancy and feed her vanity by keeping him her slave.

You know the duke had proposed and been accepted, Cyril Shenstone would be rudely awakened from his infatuation, but Maude felt sure that his heart would suffer, and her unselfish heart was heavy with grief for him.

As she looked upon his altered face she saw how hardly he had been hit by the blow, and she rightly guessed that he was waiting to see Lady Constance.

It seemed to her that such an interview would have no result but to increase his pain, and in her gentle way she tried to dissuade him from it.

"Won't you come down to the drawing-room with me, Cyril?" she asked softly, raising her eyes pleadingly to his. "I want to show you those new designs for the schoolhouse before anyone comes."

"Thank you, Maude, but I cannot go down just yet," he replied shortly. "I am waiting to see Constance."

"Oh, Cyril, what good can that do?" she exclaimed, tearfully.

"My dear Maude, you forget I have to offer her my congratulations," he answered with a harsh laugh. "Don't you think that after securing such a splendid match, she deserves all our admiration and congratulation?"

"I don't like to hear you talk like that, Cyril," said Maude sorrowfully. "I am afraid you feel this greatly."

"Perhaps I do, Maude; it is not a pleasant feeling for a man to know he has been duped and fooled; but I am not the sort of fellow to sit down and cry under my punishment. I shall get over it, never fear."

"I am sure of that, Cyril; you are not a weak man, but you will only pain yourself by seeing Constance here.

"Not at all; I shall be much better once I have had it out with her, so please, Maude,

"MAUDE WAS DEEPLY AFFECTED, AND IN NO FRAME OF MIND TO HIDE HER EMOTION."

"Ah, Cyril, I do love you!" she murmured softly, raising her magnificent eyes to his with a passionate look, and laying her hand on his arm; "I am wretched in this marriage, but I have no escape. It would ruin you as well as me to marry. Papa is failing fast, and you know what Walter is, and that he would like me to marry a husband so too."

Maude's gentle breast swelled with indignation when she saw how heartlessly Lady Constance played with the true love offered to her.

Cyril Shenstone felt his resolution sorely tried. He loved this woman with his whole heart; her very touch thrilled him and unnerved him; her beauty was bewitching him.

But in spite of his infatuation he was a proud stern man, and he resisted the temptation to clasp the fair form in his cold coldly.

"You cannot excuse your conduct, Constance. If you loved me as truly as I love you, you would be willing to bear comparative poverty as my wife, and feel happier so, than with a husband you cannot love. You would not object to waiting for a few years, until I won a position which would entitle me to claim you as my wife."

"You are romantic and impossible in your ideas!" exclaimed Lady Constance, impatiently. "We must face things as they really are, and not as we wish them to be. Cannot you be satisfied to know that I love you and shall do so always?"

"So far from being satisfied or even flattered by the assurance of your love under such circumstances, I feel insulted by the offer of it. Do I strike you as the sort of person to love another man's wife, or to feel anything but contempt for a woman who is so false to her honor as to avow her love to me when she is on the point of marrying another. No; once you stand at the altar with him you will be only an object of scorn and indifference to me."

"How dare you speak to me like that?" exclaimed Lady Constance, furiously. "I was weak and foolish to care for you—a man whose means and position made him impossible as a husband. But I did love you, and instead of being grateful, you are brutal. You call me selfish, but it is you who are so, to wish to drag me down to poverty and obscurity."

"I can assure you I have no wish to do so now. I despise myself for loving such a woman. The scales have fallen from my eyes, and I see the hideous deformity concealed by your beauty."

He opened the door as he spoke, and stood aside to let her pass out; but, strange to say, Lady Constance never left so drawn to Cyril Shenstone, or so determined to keep him in spite of himself, as she did now, when he repudiated and spurned her.

Instead of going out of the door, she clasped both her hands round his arm, and, bowing down her lovely head on them, said in a tremulous voice:

"I cannot part from you so, Cyril, even if we must be strangers to each other from this hour. At least let us say good-bye as we have done of old. Do not be hard, Cyril."

Cyril Shenstone's whole frame shook with agitation; he drew himself haughtily up and turned away his head, but the next moment he had caught her in his arms, and, straining her to his heart, covered her face with kisses.

Then, almost throwing her from him, he exclaimed fiercely:

"You have tempted me to be weak and false again; but that is the last of it. For the future I shall avoid you, and leave you to the bridegroom you have chosen. At this moment I positively hate you!"

He rushed from the room as he spoke, and Lady Constance remained a few moments to collect herself.

"Hate me, indeed!" she muttered, with a satisfied smile. "No, Cyril; you love me and cannot escape—you shall not!"

CHAPTER II.

Lady Constance found that she had greatly overrated her power with Cyril Shenstone.

He accepted Lord Delvigne's invitation to remain at the castle until after the wedding with apparent pleasure, and during the six weeks that intervened he gave no sign that he suffered in any way.

He was cheerful and natural in manner, and treated Lady Constance as if there had never been anything warmer than friendship between them, avoiding or ignoring all her attempts to renew the former relationship between them.

This behavior galled and humiliated Lady Constance more than any reproaches would have done. She could bear anything better than indifference from Cyril Shenstone; and at this time, when so many were envying her, she was in reality more miserable than ever she had been in her life.

The Duke of Welsham did not improve upon closer acquaintance. At the best of times he was not pleasant in manner, and now that he was sure of Lady Constance he did not trouble to put any restraint on himself before her, and she was forced to witness the exhibitions of temper and other defects which made her dislike him thoroughly.

But she was not afraid of him. She was marrying him only for rank and wealth, which were secured to her by her settlements, and she cared little how her husband behaved after their marriage so long as he left her free to enjoy the fruits of what she was selling herself for.

In his determination to avoid Lady Constance, Cyril Shenstone was naturally thrown more into Maude Chenery's society, and insensibly he felt his sore, angry heart soothed and comforted by her gentle sympathy and encouragement.

Her fair girlish beauty, too, satisfied his fastidious taste, and he repeatedly told himself that she was worth a thousand such women as the one he had wrecked his love upon.

Still, the affection he felt for her was only that of a brother for a sister. He was quite convinced that he could never love again as he had loved Lady Constance. That was true, and all the better for him that it was, for the violent restless passion inspired by mere personal beauty, and standing on no solid basis of respect, was not a state to be desired, and little conducive to the calm happiness of married life.

At this time Cyril Shenstone would have scouted the idea that he should ever marry, and he had not the slightest suspicion of Maude Chenery's secret, and never supposed for a moment that she felt a warmer regard for him than he did for her.

Lady Constance, however, was quite aware of the girl's love. She had loved him for long, and took a cruel pleasure in making Maude suffer by showing her own power over Cyril.

But the tables seemed turned now. Instead of feeling contempt for the poor girl, Lady Constance was furiously jealous of her. In her anxiety to prevent any engagement between Cyril and Maude, she was the means of bringing about what she dreaded.

One evening she felt more than usually bitter and exasperated.

The Duke of Welsham had dined at the castle, and his manner had roused all her dislike and impatience, and, at the same time, left Maude and Cyril free to talk together, and wander through the conservatories, or step out on the terrace to admire the glorious harvest-moon.

Lady Constance would have given a good deal to be able to follow and separate them, but she could not induce her surly fiance to stir out of the drawing-room, and she had to stay with him and entertain him.

The moment the duke took his departure she hastened to join Maude, but she was quite mistaken as to the nature of what had passed between them. There had been no thought of love or marriage.

On the contrary, Cyril, who, in spite of his outward pleasure, was suffering keenly, had told Maud Chenery that he intended to give up his profession and travel for some years.

He was just beginning to make a name for himself at the bar, and Maude knew that such a suicidal act would, in all probability, ruin his future life, and rob him of the reward of years of study and hard work.

She earnestly implored him not to think of taking such a step. She remonstrated with him, bringing forward every argument she could think of, and, at last got him to promise that he would decide upon nothing for six months.

She rightly guessed that once he was removed from Lady Constance's influence, and had his mind and time occupied, he would recover from the blow, and take a more sensible view of things.

They had spoken seriously and openly to each other. Maude was deeply affected, and in no frame of mind to hide the emotion which had brought tears to her eyes, or to expose herself to the disagreeable remarks of her cousin.

She therefore slipped quietly away to her room when she saw Lady Constance coming, but not before the latter had seen her agitated countenance, and drew her own conclusions from it.

She could not control her jealousy, and allowed her temper to get the better of her judgment.

"I am afraid my appearance is very malapropos!" she began with a sneer. "I see that you have taken pity on the patient Griselda, and rewarded her devotion at last."

"Would it be too much to ask you what you mean?" said Cyril haughtily.

"Oh, don't try to deceive me!" she exclaimed angrily. "I know very well that you have taken Maude Chenery as a consoler to soothe your wounded feelings. She has waited some time for you to accept her love, and is satisfied with small mercies."

"You have no ground whatever for such a statement, Lady Constance," said Cyril coldly.

"Oh, don't try to impose too much upon my credulity!" she replied, shrugging her shoulders. "Even a person of your modest disposition could not be blind to the worship Maude has lavished upon you vainly for years."

"Then, by Heaven, it will be no longer in vain!" he cried impulsively. "I thank you for opening my eyes to the happiness that may yet be mine. With such a woman as Maude Chenery for my wife, I shall think little of my passing infatuation for you. You have atoned for all by telling me of her love."

With these words he walked off, leaving the baffled Lady Constance to fume over what she had done.

"Ah, what a fool I have been!" she cried bitterly. "I have thrown her into his arms; but she shall not have him. I shall be first with her, and if she has any spark of pride or self-respect, I will rouse it against him."

Without hesitating a moment the angry woman went straight to Maude Chenery's room, where she was at that moment anything but a welcome visitor.

"You don't look over pleased to see me," she remarked with a disagreeable smile; but I wish to have a few words with you."

"What about?" asked Maude, greatly surprised.

"About Cyril Shenstone," replied Lady Constance at once. "If you had one atom of pride or self-respect, you would not throw yourself at his head in the way you do."

Lady Constance had not supposed Maude Chenery capable of the haughty dignity with which she received these words.

"I will thank you not to speak to me so, Constance," she said in chilling tones. "Your insinuations are beneath even my contempt, and could only emanate from a coarse, evil mind."

"You are exceedingly impertinent to address me in that way," exclaimed Lady Constance angrily. "Recollect that you are no better than a dependent on my father's charity, and at least have the grace to be humble. No one would be blind to your absurd infatuation for Cyril Shenstone, or to the attempts you make to secure him now that I have thrown him over; but, if you have any common sense or any regard for your future happiness, you will think twice before you will let him make use of you as a tool in his pique against me. He will no doubt ask you to marry him, to try to make me think he is indifferent to me; but you will be miserable if you accept him. He can offer you neither wealth, position, nor love. He will hate you when his first rage against me passes and he finds himself tied to you. He is not a man to change. He loves me only, and always will. I could win him back from you or any other woman the moment I tried."

"Do you have quite finished all you have to say, Lady Constance, I wish to be alone."

Lady Constance was somewhat taken aback by the reception she met with. She had expected angry denial, remonstrance, passionate tears—anything but the quiet dignity which disdained to notice her utterance or hold any converse with her on the subject.

"I can assure you I have no wish to remain in your company," she replied, spitefully. "I thought it my duty to warn you. If you prefer to be made a fool of, you must bear the consequences."

When she retreated Maude Chenery locked her door; and then all her assumed composure vanished. She wept like a child.

"She's right," she sobbed. "He only cares for her, and has never bestowed a thought of love on me; but I believe he would marry me just for pique. I have tried to hide my feelings from him and to be a sister to him in his sorrow. He suspects nothing else, and will never know what I have suffered. It will be hard to meet him as before after these cruel words."

It was harder than Maude Chenery thought, for there was a decided change in Cyril Shenstone's manner to her, which she could not understand, and which destroyed the easy terms of friendship on which they had previously met.

By the hundred little attentions he paid her, by the tone of his voice and the expression of his eyes when he spoke to her, he plainly showed that it was as a lover and not as a brother that he wished to be considered; and, while at times poor Maude could not but feel a strange new happiness in the thought that he

loved her, Lady Constance's words poisoned all her joy, and made her shrink from and distrust the man she had so implicitly trusted before.

The wedding day rose clear and bright, and the castle was filled with guests for the happy occasion.

Lord Alsden had come from Vienna to be present, and was gracious in his manner to his sister now that she was about to do so well for herself.

The wedding was a splendid affair, and the talk of the county for many a year after.

The bride looked superb and the six bridesmaids lovely.

It is true that the bridegroom was anything but agreeable to look upon, but one could well excuse one blot in an otherwise perfect tableau. Besides, he was a duke and wealthy, and the cause of all this magnificent display.

The dejeuner passed off with great eclat. The bride's health was drunk with all honors, and she drove away with her ducal husband amid a shower of old shoes, rice, congratulations and, it must be confessed, a fair share of envy from her unmarried friends, who would gladly have changed places with her.

The castle grounds were thrown open to all the people around, and tents for refreshments were erected on the lawn. A band played gaily, and the church bells rang out merrily.

It was a lively, pretty scene, and a day of enjoyment for most who took part in it.

There was to be a ball in the evening, to which all the gentry in the neighborhood were invited, and while Lord Alsden groaned in spirit over such a tremendous outlay, he refrained from making any disagreeable remarks, and consoled himself with the reflection that it was the last thing of the kind, and that his sister and her extravagance need trouble him no longer.

Lord Alsden had brought a friend with him to the castle—a certain Count von Halzburg, an Austrian, whom he had found very useful in several diplomatic difficulties.

He was a handsome fair man of twenty-four, with an almost infantile innocence of expression and winning manners.

He was always a great pet with women, who looked upon him as a charmingly simple-minded youth, while in reality he was a very cunning and utterly unprincipled man, who, in spite of his youth, had already squandered a large fortune in vice and dissipations of the worst kind. The men who knew him well were highly amused at the role he played in society, and watched, with a grim smile, the gracious reception accorded him by fair maids and matrons, thinking how different it would be if they could see through this wolf in sheep's clothing.

Although Lord Alsden never mixed with fast men, he had a very shrewd idea of the count's character; in fact, he had turned his wast of principle to account in getting at one or two state secrets, and found him a useful tool for work he would not stoop to himself.

So long as the Austrian was well received in society, Lord Alsden did not trouble himself about his moral delinquencies; and, having reasons for not wishing to lose sight of him just then, he had brought him to Delvigne Castle for the wedding.

Count von Halzburg was greatly attracted by Maude Chenery, and devoted himself to her during his stay.

She liked him, and, like so many other women, was completely taken in by his ingenuous appearance and manners, and treated him with more familiarity than she would have shown to any other new acquaintance.

She was not sorry to escape being thrown into Cyril Shenstone's society, for she was beginning to fear that Lady Constance was right and that he meditated making use of her to serve his pique against his false lady-love.

Cyril Shenstone had no such intention. He felt that Maude had grown very dear to him, and very necessary to his comfort. He had always had a high opinion of her, and since Lady Constance had betrayed the state of the girl's heart to him, he had regarded her with very different eyes, and was determined to make her his wife.

He was greatly annoyed at seeing that "baby-faced Austrian," as he called him, monopolizing the woman he wanted for himself, and he thought it very hard that the last hours he had to spend at the castle should be spoiled by this interloper.

Among all the wedding festivities Cyril had vainly tried to find an opportunity of speaking to Maude alone.

However, she was engaged to him for three dances in the evening, and he knew she would not avoid him then, and tried to wait with what patience he could until that time arrived.

When he had piloted his partner through a crowded waltz, he led her to a small side-room, which was unoccupied.

Determined not to let this favorable opportunity slip, Cyril went to the point without any preliminary observations.

"You know I am going back to London to-morrow, Maude," he began hurriedly. "Before I go, I want to tell you that I love you, and to ask you if you will be my wife?"

Maud Chenery started back with a look of pained terror, and the tears rose to her eyes.

"Oh, no, no, Cyril," she said tremulously, "I am so sorry you have said this; I thought better of you than to suppose that you would insult me so."

Cyril Shenstone looked at her in amazement.

"What can you mean, Maude?" he asked reproachfully. "I know I am unworthy of you, but I did not think you despised me so much as to think I humiliate you in asking you to be my wife."

"It is not that," murmured Maude between her tears.

"What is it, then?" he asked eagerly. "Come, Maude, at least be fair to me. How have I pained you?"

"You have wounded me deeply, Cyril. You have no love for me; your heart is full of Constance alone; but, out of pique, you ask me to marry you. Is that fair to me? If you had any true regard for me, you would not place me in such a position."

"I swear to you, Ma de, that you are mistaken. What could have put such an idea into your head? I should never dream of doing anything so childish as to marry for pique. You may think it impossible for a man to transfer his affections so quickly, but my love for Constance died the moment I found her unworthy of it. You were like a ministering angel to me in my trouble; you comforted me, you roused me as no one else could have done. Don't wreck my whole life now, dearest, for a mistaken notion. I have little to offer any woman to marry me; but if love and devotion can make you happy, you will never have cause to regret that you took pity on me."

Maude Chenery shook her head sadly.

"You don't know your own mind, Cyril," she said, gently. "Only a few weeks ago you were going to throw up your profession and engage in everything to try and banish Constance from your heart. You could not change so quickly."

"But I tell you I have," he answered impatiently. "You may despise me for my weakness if you like; I don't despise myself for having recovered my senses. Are you indifferent to me, Maude, that you reject me?"

"The state of my feelings has nothing to do with it," she replied with quiet dignity. "I cannot believe that you love me as a man should love the woman he marries, and I shall not risk my future happiness by becoming your wife!"

"I never thought you could be so hard," he exclaimed bitterly. "I am indeed well punished for my presumption."

"I do not be angry, Cyril," she said, laying her hand on his arm. "We have been true friends—let us remain so."

"That is impossible now, Maude," he replied almost sternly. "I cannot regard you as a mere friend, and if you can feel no warmer feeling for me, we are best apart."

There was a ring of sincerity in his voice and for the first time it dawned upon Maude's mind that he might really love her. The thought sent the warm blood rushing over her cheeks, and she raised her eyes to his with a timid questioning look. The glance filled him with new hope.

"Listen to me, Maude," he said, taking both her hands in his. "You made me promise to let six months pass before I took any decided step. If I come to you at the end of that time and ask you again to be my wife, will you give me a hearing?"

And Maude blushingly murmured "Yes."

(To be Continued.)

It Required Judgment.

"You women don't know how to hang pictures—takes a man to do it!"

"I guess I'll put it here, or—a little farther over."

"A trifle farther yet—I guess this is the spot; now just hand me a hook and some string, and I'll have this picture up in a jiffy. I tell you, I understand hanging pictures right down to the—"

ground!"

Encouragement.

There's many a germ that fails to grow,
And many a bud that dies too soon;
Because the cold embrace of snow
Withholds too long the breath of June.
And many a life, alas! is made
To sink in darkness and decay,
Because no human hand gave aid,
Nor pointed out a better way.

—Mrs. N. A. Montfort.

His Plan Didn't Work.

"Jes' a minute, if you please," said a man in Western Nebraska, as he came out of a house and hailed us as we were going past. "Did you happen to notice the schoolhouse much when you come past it down here a mile and see anything of a big, raw-boned boy, with long arms an' big hands, wearin' a high felt hat painted red, white an' blue?"

"Yes, we noticed him."

"Wa'nt he walkin' round talkin' loud, with his thumb under one gallus an' a chip on his shoulder?"

"No. He was sitting on the ground near the schoolhouse, with his back against a tree. His nose was all bloody, his arms were hanging down and he looked sick. His clothes were about half torn off of him, and one of the small boys was carrying his striped hat full of water to him from the creek."

"Well, I sw'ar, if that don't beat me! Didn't holler no slang at you or offer to fight you?"

"I don't think he saw us at all—one eye was closed up."

"I expect—nothin' s'prises me now! I reckon the plan didn't work."

"What was it?"

"Wy, that feller's my boy, you see, an' he 'lowed to lick the teacher this mornin', but I reckon from what you say something went wrong somewhere. Leastways, he didn't get the longer 'rithmetic lesson than he orter, an' says it to him, 'Hop onto the little dood an' whale him—jes' show him that you understand what's the matter o' Hannah!' Bill said that he'd do it an' that I'd better see the other two school off'cers an' git another teacher somewhere, 'cause there wouldn't be enough o' this un left to wad a gun when he got done with him. Says he, 'Pap, don't be scart if you notice small pieces of a school teacher fallin' round here long durin' the forenoon!' One eye shet an' his nose bloody! An' Bill al'ays claimed he was a fighter, too! I'll be toototally chawed if he ain't been trottin' in the wrong class for two years. When he gits home, if I don't bring out the old strap an' larrup him myself then you can shoot me. A black eye an' nose all bloody! Say, wait till half-past four o'clock an' you'll see a big, lazy, double-fisted fraud of a boy git pounded all to pieces by his old father!"

—Chicago Tribune.

A Race for Life.

Has a bicycle ever saved a man's life? A curious question, and one to which I imagine few persons could answer affirmatively. I am one of those few, however; and as the life in question had a particular interest for me, being my own, all the details of the terrible event are firmly fixed in my memory.

The case is entirely without parallel, and will, I venture to think, interest general readers, though they may have no love for a rubbishy bicycular thing, as I once heard an old farmer call my beloved machine. I was always very fond of bicycling, and from the time when I was a small boy, and labored for hours at a bone-shaker, to the days when I became the proud possesor of one of the first bicycles ever manufactured, I revelled in the enchanting pastime, spending hours which should have been otherwise occupied on the back of my iron horse, thus putting my physical powers a long way ahead of my mental. In fact, I hated the sight of a book, and was never happy unless scouring the country on my bicycle. My father was a doctor in a little village, and, having a large family, he was thankful indeed when, at the age of thirteen, a commission was obtained for me by a wealthy friend in a regiment about to sail for India. And one fine morning I found myself with the King's Own at Plymouth, starting in H. M. S. Ganges for our mighty Eastern Empire.

I will not attempt to describe my months of sea life, because every one has read of nautical adventures dozens of times before; suffice it to say I was very seasick and miserable the first week on board, like everybody else, and could myself wishing I was dead. I found afterwards that was rather a common wish with people in the first agonies of this malady. Then I recovered, and enjoyed myself like everybody else, and saw a flying-fish, and was disappointed with it, like everybody else; and fished for hours, with about a quarter of a mile of line over the stern, catching nothing, like everybody else; and when we sighted land I was thankful, like everybody else.

A grand new bicycle was my father's parting present to me, and great was my delight at finding that another young sub. in my regiment was also a bicyclist. In those days, when the iron wheel had so many votaries, this may seem nothing very strange; but, to realize my surprise and pleasure you must remember that a bicycle was then a comparative curiosity, and a bicyclist a person to be stared at and admired, or otherwise.

Enormous was the amount of money betted by us on races to come, and innumerable the beauties we discovered in our own machines. Once we attempted a race on board, down one side of the deck; but a nasty lurch nearly sent my companion overboard, and the captain soon put a stop to our proceedings.

Well, we reached our destination at last, and steamed up the mighty Hooghly to Calcutta.

Words fail me to describe the sensation which our bicycles caused. They were, I believe, the first ever seen in India; and as we rode together into the town, some days after our arrival, one would have thought it was the triumphal entry of some Eastern potentate.

Our first appearance was hailed with a cry of horror by a crowd of mendicants and children hovering round the outside of the market. Curiosity, however, soon got the better of their fear, and, by the time we had ridden a quarter of a mile, there was a regular mob at our heels, all following silently, with grave earnest faces and quiet tread—in fact, they might have been attending some funeral.

Soon every available stall and housetop was crowded with human heads; the street in front of us seemed cleared as if by magic; and on we rode as slowly as possible, trying to look like judges.

The first horse we came to nearly went into fits. Had a native been driving, the consequences would probably have been serious; but the white soldier in the vehicle pulled the unhappy beast up, and made it follow and examine our bicycles.

These operations were watched by our bodyguard with the deepest interest. We did not see many horses in town, fortunately, and the stalled oxen generally employed as beasts of burden paid not the slightest attention to us. At length we arrived at a drinking-fountain, and alighted from our machines, causing another loud cry of astonishment. We had a refreshing drink and remounted.

As we reached the outskirts of the town we quickened our pace, and, finding a grand level stretch of road in front of us, began to race, soon leaving every one far behind.

I could fill a book with the curious incidents and accidents which befell us in going "up country." Our regiment was always on the move, and panics of one kind or other were very frequent on our bicycling excursions.

On one occasion, when I was riding quietly, a half-demented native (one of the few remaining followers of Juggernaut) ran out into the road in front of me, and fell down almost under my bicycle. The unfortunate man wished to sacrifice himself, as he would have done under the huge wheels which carry his god. It was with the greatest difficulty I avoided him; and he rose with the air of a person who had quite made up his mind to leave this world, but has suddenly come back to it by a short cut. It certainly never struck him that his religious arrangements would be cut out in the least.

My friend, too, met with an unpleasant adventure. Peacocks are common birds in India, and in some parts sacred, no one being allowed to kill or shoot them: they swarm in the jungles, and are sometimes seen domesticated round the villages, strutting about like so many barn-door fowl in an English farm.

My friend found out this to his cost; for one day, turning a corner at a good pace, he ran right into a flock of them, coming a nasty cropper himself, and killing one of the unfortunate birds. Endless complications followed. The owner vowed nothing we could give him would compensate for the loss of his sacred fowl, that ill-luck would fall on him and his house, and that the sahib would certainly die before the week was out. The sahib having given the man every farthing he had with him and implored him to think no more about the matter, mounted his fallen steed and rode back to the camp, feeling somewhat crest-fallen.

The affair did not end here, however, the native authorities of the village came in a body to our commanding officer; and it was with the greatest difficulty he managed to pacify them.

This occurrence created a bad impression in the place; and we were very glad to leave it for another station higher up the country. We were now approaching the hills; and the long-talked of bicycle-race I was to ride against my friend Fred Bent had not yet come off. Soon our pet pastime would have to be abandoned for an indefinite period; so one evening after mess we drew up and signed articles in the regular professional style to ride a ten-mile race for a bet of five pounds a side, my opponent to receive three minutes' start (this little arrangement would have made us both forfeit our right to ever ride again as amateurs, but we did not know that then, and I dare say we should not have cared if we had). We were now stationed at the foot of the hills. The ground to our north became gradually broken, rising peak after peak, and stretching away to the region of eternal snow.

There was a grand native road within a short distance of our camp, running away for ten miles as flat as a drawing-board. It lay through the open plain, and then a deserted tract was reached, becoming wider as the road proceeded, and finally swallowing it up in an impenetrable jungle. It was on this road I intended to train. Bent had found a circular path round some native huts a short way from the station, measuring about six laps to the mile, and here he prepared himself for the struggle.

After a week of such training as would make an athlete's hair stand on end—meat almost raw, chopped up very finely; little drinks of neat brandy, etc.,—we considered ourselves fit for the contest; and the adventure I am now about to relate occurred the evening before the eventful day. I was just starting for a last ride over my favorite course, when an officer passing stopped me, and said:

"Have you heard of the tiger, Harvie?"

"No," I answered.

"The natives have just brought word that a large tiger has marked down in the jungle about ten miles from here; so don't go too far this evening."

"All right," I laughed. "I think a tiger would find it a difficult matter to catch me—my training would tell on him."

I had not seen any large wild beasts as yet, and my notion of a tiger was a thin sleepy-looking animal, as I had once seen in a traveling menagerie. Away I rode, my comrade's caution forgotten before I had gone a mile.

I started at a good pace, but not racing, as I intended to do all I knew coming home. In about an hour I reached my usual halting-place, ten miles from the camp; but this being the last night of my training, I made up my mind to ride another couple of miles, and then do the whole distance back at my best pace.

I rode on, and in another ten minutes found myself in the jungle.

Now for the race home.

Dismounting I oiled my machine, tightened up every screw, and then sat down on a boulder to rest and enjoy the prospect. A beautiful scene it was too!

Above me rose the grand mountains, their snowy tops blushing crimson in the setting sun; here a little waterfall, like a thread of gold and silver, flashing down the mountain-side, and twining in and out amongst the masses of trees and rocks; there a glimpse of fairyland through a jungle vista. A pool, or "tank" as they are called, surrounded by dense foliage, festooned by parasitical climbing plants, glowing with flowers of every imaginable hue; humming-birds, like fiery gems, flashed hither and thither, darting in and out amongst the trees. On the "tank" floated water-fowl of every kind, and the banks were alive with gorgeous birds, their plumage rivaling the flowers in brilliancy and variety of color. But now the shadows were deepening, the crimson on the mountain-tops had disappeared, and the cold snow began to look gray and ghostly. A flying fox went rustling past me, and I hastily prepared to mount; for there is scarcely any twilight in India, and I knew it would soon be dark.

As I rose my eyes encountered something which made me start and nearly drop my bicycle.

There, not forty yards off, was a tiger. I knew the animal well enough, but how different he looked from the lean, half-starved little beast I had seen at home! He had just come into the open space from the dense jungle-break, and sat there, washing his face and purring in a contented sort of way, like a huge cat.

Was I frightened? Not an atom; I had my bicycle and a start of forty yards, so if I could not beat him it was a pity.

He had not seen me yet; and I stood for another minute admiring the handsome creature, and then quietly mounted (the tiger was directly on my right, while the road stretched straight away in front of me). The noise made roused him. He looked up, and then, after deliberately stretching himself, came bounding with long, graceful bounds over the rank grass and rocks which separated him from the road. He did not seem a bit angry, but evidently wished to get a nearer view of such an extraordinary object.

Forty yards, however, I thought, was quite near enough for safety. The tiger was in the road behind me now; so I pulled myself together and began to quicken pace.

Would he stop, disgusted, after the first hundred yards and give up the chase, or would he stick to it? I quite hoped he would follow me, and already pictured in my mind the graphic description I would write home of my race with a tiger.

Little did I think what a terrible race it was going to be. I looked behind me. By Jove! he was sticking to it. I could not judge the distance; but at any rate I was no further from him than when we started. Now for a spurt! I rode the next half mile as hard as I could; but, on again looking round, found I had not gained a yard.

The tiger was on my track, moving with a long, swinging trot, and going quite as quickly as I was.

For the first time I began to feel anxious, and thought uneasily of the ten long miles which separated me from safety.

However, it was no good thinking now; it was my muscle and iron steed against the brute. I could only do my best, and trust in providence.

Now there was no doubt about the tiger's intention; his blood was up, and on he came, occasionally giving vent to a roar, which made the ground tremble. Another mile had been traversed, and the tiger was slowly but surely closing up.

I dashed my pouch to the ground, hoping it would stop him for a few seconds; but he kept steadily on, and I felt it was then grim earnest.

I calculated we must be about seven miles from camp now, and before I could ride another four my pursuer, I knew, must reach me. O, the agony of those minutes, which seemed to me like long hours!

Another mile passed, then another. I could hear him behind me now—pad, pad, pad, quicker and quicker, louder and louder. I turned in my saddle for a moment, and saw there were not twenty yards separating us! How enormous the brute looked, and how terrible! His huge tongue hung out, and the only sound he made was a continual hoarse growl of rage, while his eyes seemed to literally flash fire.

It was like some awful nightmare, and, with a shudder, I bent down over the handles, and flew on.

As I now sit quietly in my chair writing I find it hard to analyze the crowd of memories that went rushing through my brain during that fearful ride. I saw long-forgotten events in which I had taken part rise up distinctly before me; and while every muscle was racked with my terrible exertion my mind was clear, and my life seemed to pass before me like one long panorama. On, on, on; the slightest slip, I knew, would be fatal; a sudden jolt, a screw giving and I should be hurled to instant death.

Human strength would not stand much more. The prolonged strain had told upon me, and I felt it would soon be all over. My breath came in thick sobs, a mist gathered before my eyes—I was stopping. My legs refused to move, and a thousand fiends seemed to be flitting about me, holding me back, back! A weight like lead was on my chest; I was choking, I was dying. Then a few moments, which seemed a lifetime; and then—crash—with a roar like thunder the tiger was on me, and I was crushed to the ground.

Then I heard shots fired, a Babel of men's voices and all was blank.

* * *

After many days of unconsciousness and raging fever reason gradually returned, and I learned the particulars of my deliverance.

A party of officers had started with a shikaree (or native hunter) to a trap which had been prepared for the tiger. A goat was tethered on the outskirts of the jungle, and the sportsmen had started to lie in ambush close in the vicinity, to be near, to wait for their game, which the bleat of the goat, in the stillness of the night, would speedily have aroused.

They were talking of our coming bicycle race as they went along, and expecting every moment to meet me on my return journey. As they passed a clump of bushes I came in sight, about a quarter of a mile in front of them, whirling along in a cloud of dust, which hid my terrible pursuer. They soon, however, saw my awful danger. The huge brute, mad with rage, hurled itself upon me just as we reached them.

My friends stood paralyzed with fear, with terror, and did not dare to fire; but the shikaree, a man of iron nerve, and accustomed to face sudden dangers of all kinds in the hunting-field, sprang quickly to within a yard of the tiger, and, putting his rifle almost to the animal's ear, fired twice, and blew its brains out, just in time to save my life. I was drawn from under the palpitating body of my dead enemy, every one present believing that it was all up with me.

Making a litter of boughs, they carried me into the camp, where I lay for many weeks lingering between life and death.

"AND THEN—CRASH—WITH A ROAR LIKE THUNDER THE TIGER WAS ON ME."

J. W. Cheeseworth,
TAILOR AND DRAPER,
106 KING STREET WEST,
TORONTO.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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Misdirected Effort.

It must frequently have struck every thoughtful editor as a singular thing that the great majority of youthful aspirants for literary reputation should choose precisely that department of literary effort in which success is most difficult of attainment and its rewards most scanty and uncertain. The would-be *litterateur*—when will somebody invent an English word which fills the bill—nearly always begins by writing poetry—that is, what is intended for poetry. Now poetry, even when good, is a drug in the market. Leaving out of the calculation such rare geniuses as appear perhaps once in a century who cannot be judged by ordinary rules, the utmost that anyone of acknowledged poetic talent can reasonably expect is to get a poem accepted once or twice a month by some magazine or literary journal and receive therefor a few dollars. As an industry there is nothing in it, and the treatment meted out by a cold and unsentimental world to the modern poet goes far to verify the shrewd observation of King George II. that "If beobles vill be boets and bainters, dey moost sdarve." And yet young men and maidens, whose ambition it is to live wholly or partly by their pens, take to poetry as though that were the best initiation into the field of literary effort and waste precious months and years, not to speak of numerous postage stamps, in trying to get their effusions of various degrees of merit into print.

We suppose it is useless to combat this delusion and to point out to the strugglers after literary appreciation that in other departments of pen work even mediocre ability, if combined with a knowledge of what is wanted, will generally secure much more prompt and liberal recognition than poetical talent of a high order. For political or descriptive articles, humor, gossipy correspondence or early and exclusive information, there is always a remunerative market in every large city. If, instead of wasting time and talent in penning more or less mellifluous jingle, the aspirants for the honors and rewards of the literary calling would take the trouble to find out what the public and its caterers really want, and are willing to pay for, it would spare them much labor and mortification. But no—they will write poetry or nothing.

Female Suffrage.

That energetic and gallant champion of female suffrage, Mr. Waters, M.P.P., undaunted by previous defeats, is again to the fore with his annual measure for giving the unmarried women of Ontario votes in Provincial elections. It is not a little remarkable that while in other countries the women or some of them have been clamoring for the suffrage, in Ontario the movement has been almost entirely in male hands, and little has been said or done by the ladies themselves to promote it. Something was done in this direction in Toronto a few years ago, but the society organized for that purpose made but little headway, and has long since gone the way of almost all societies which are neither national, sectarian nor partisan. It is not likely that any further advance towards woman suffrage will be made so long as women themselves are indifferent and apathetic about it. They ought to know what they want in the way of political rights, and while they remain contented without the ballot it may fairly be presumed that they do not feel the deprivation. This may not be a sound reason for refusing it, but it is plausible enough to defeat the bill in a community prone to take the conservative view when innovations are attempted. The motto which one sometimes sees in the stores "If you don't see what you want ask for it," appears to prevail in our legislative bodies. The women haven't asked for the franchise—at least not loud or long enough to be heard.

Early Closing.

There may be some question as to the feasibility or the beneficial character of the bill introduced by the Provincial Government providing for the early closing of the stores, but the general principle underlying the measure is a good one and ought to receive a great deal more attention from legislators and social reformers than it has done. The fact is we all work too hard and too long—mechanics, laborers, farmers, merchants, professional men, editors—all of us. We don't get enough of leisure—enough time to enjoy life, to make the acquaintance of our families, to derive some benefit from the money which we are striving so hard and at such sacrifice of brain and muscular tissue to rake and scrape together. Long hours for man or beast, for merchant, prince or for shop girl are an unmitigated and an unnecessary evil. "Drive thy business, let not that drive thee," said Ben Franklin, and there is a good deal more sense in it than in many of his maxims. Most men in these days of intense competition are the slaves of the desk or the work shop, with their noses everlastingly at the grindstone and their souls gradually being narrowed to the sphere of their petty gains and cares.

If Canada is to produce a high type of manhood and womanhood this intense and all-absorbing devotion to money-making must cease and higher considerations must prevail. The stupidity of the system of long hours is no less apparent than its inhumanity. There would be just as much wealth produced, as much business done and money made if everybody worked for eight hours a day as under the present wasteful method of burning the candle at both ends. There may be defects in the measure now proposed, but sooner or later either by positive enactment or the pressure of public opinion the sensible view will prevail and the hours of business will be materially shortened. In the meantime our religious and moral teachers might profitably occupy themselves by looking into this question and preaching the gospel of leisure.

Titled Traders.

A striking phase of the great social revolution now going on in Britain is the manner in which many of the aristocracy who have been impoverished by the falling off in rents are going into trade. The cable has given us a long account of the venture of Lady Mackenzie, who has set up in the millinery business under an assumed name in London, and wonderful to relate has not lost social caste by it, as she would certainly have done a few years ago. And here is by no means an exceptional instance, as the gains of commerce are being more and more looked to by the hereditary nobility of Britain to supply the deficit shown by their rent-rolls. Lords and ladies must live and it is certainly creditable to the good sense and right-feeling of the impoverished members of the peerage that they show a disposition to face the situation and go honestly to work instead of becoming sponges and hangers-on to the more fortunate of their order. But old time prejudices die hard, and the public sentiment of the upper class in this regard is still far from what it should be when it is thought requisite to adopt an assumed name for this purpose as though there were something disgraceful in working for a living.

Canada offers an excellent field for some of these trading aristocrats. If a real Lady—with a capital L—were to set up a millinery or dress-making establishment in Toronto, what a rush of customers she would have. There are plenty of over wealthy people who would gladly pay double prices for their bonnets or dresses to have the satisfaction of patronizing a member of the British nobility. Titles count for a good deal more here than they do "at home," and those who have little but the title left of their former greatness might as well work it for all its worth.

The Marquis of Salisbury.

(See Page Three.)

When Gladstone's Government was defeated on the Home Rule issue the only available candidate for the Prime Ministership was the Marquis of Salisbury, whose portrait we give in this number.

The Marquis of Salisbury, whose name, divested of titles, is Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne Cecil, is a direct descendant of the famous William Cecil, Lord Burghley, who, as Secretary of State, contributed more than any one man to the glory of Queen Elizabeth's reign. The subject of our illustration was born in 1830, and in 1853 was elected to Parliament. As a writer, not less than as a parliamentary debater, he won attention by his vigorous and incisive style. After his marriage, in 1857, to the daughter of Mr. Baron Alderson his literary industry was considerable, and the political editorship of the *Saturday Review*, a journal founded by his brother-in-law, Mr. Beresford Hope, was entrusted to his hands. He has also been a frequent contributor to the *Quarterly Review*. It was in 1861, and especially in direct opposition to Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Palmerston's Ministry, that Lord Robert Cecil first appeared as decidedly a party politician. He was a strong Conservative, and held office under Disraeli. In 1876 he was British Envoy Extraordinary at the Conference at Constantinople. At the Congress of Berlin, held in June, 1878, Great Britain was represented by Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury. The glory of their diplomatic achievement will be differently estimated according to what we think of the prospects of the Turkish Empire now and in future. It was offered by the subsidiary contrivance of two secret agreements, one with Turkey and the other with Russia, and England binding itself to protect the Turkish dominion in Asia Minor, for which she was allowed to occupy Cyprus.

Edmund Yates' paper, the London *World*, says of Lord Salisbury's Government:

On the whole, the Cabinet, which has resumed the meeting ordinarily held at this time of the year, in preparation for the coming session, is not weaker than it was when it was first constituted eighteen months ago. Three of its original members have fallen out of the ranks. Lord Iddesleigh, whose almost compulsory retirement preceded his death, has been succeeded in the Foreign Office by Lord Salisbury, who brings to that department a knowledge of European politics and an influence and authority in foreign courts and capitals which could not be attributed to his amiable and accomplished predecessor. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, in resigning the Irish office, has given place to a statesman of cooler and keener intellect, of more resolute temper and tenacious grip of purpose, in Mr. Balfour.

The Lion's Bride.

See page 1.

This picture is intended to illustrate Ruckert's poem of the same name. The daughter of the lion keeper has grown up in company with a young lion, and has made him the confident of all her joys and sorrows. An attachment has grown up between them as between two lovers and the lion watched over her with jealous care.

One day she confided to him the secret of her approaching marriage, and the lion, seeing that the jewel of his heart is about to be lost to him in the embraces of another, is fired with jealous rage, and on one of her visits to his cage kills her. A shot from the girl's betrothed unites the lion and his loved one in the bonds of death.

In the matter of speed, there is a great similarity between a flash of lightning and a lot of scandal.

Rev. J. P. Lewis.

Grace church is not of the fashionable sort, but it is roomy and the stranger is not made to feel that he is an intruder. I don't know just what it is, but since I have been visiting among the churches I find in each place of worship a different feeling. When the doors swing open I at once receive an impression which stays with me through the service. Last Sunday I felt at home, and at once began making comparisons between Grace church and the place I last heard the Anglican service. The reading desk and pulpit are close to the front benches, and are not walled up or enclosed in a pen as in many churches. I have a strong dislike at a dinner party, which may fill a suite of rooms, to be seated in one room while the host or the chairman is in another apartment, even if said apartment has folding doors through which one can see and hear fairly well. It makes one feel too much like the party of the second part, and the division line is always in the imagination freezing or coloring what is being said. In churches it was at one time fashionable to put the pulpit in a sort of a lean-to at one end of the building, so that the preacher seemed to be in one room and the audience in another. In other churches, the pulpit is placed on high, apparently with the idea that the preacher's utterances will seem more lofty. If there is anything in that idea they had better make him preach through a hole in the ceiling, even though the congregation have to break their necks to keep him in sight. A pulpit of the high sort can be seen in Knox church and just above it is suspended the old-fashioned affair like a candle extinguisher, the use of which I never knew; probably at one time it was hung on a pulley and could be let down over a preacher's head to choke him off if he failed to reach "In conclusion" inside of three hours. I can well remember in the years when I heard hardshell Baptist preaching—two hours in Gaelic and the same repeated in English lasting an hour and a half more—I would have given all my youthful possessions to have had hold of the rope that let down the "extinguisher."

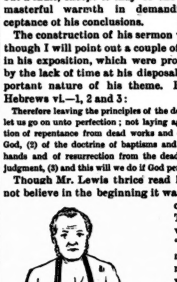
In Grace church there is an actual nearness to the preacher and sentimental contact with him which is exactly the reverse of the state of affairs at the cathedral. Comparisons may be odious but I make this statement feeling that there can hardly be a comparison between extremes. Who ever expects Canon Dumoulin to leave his seat, go down into the congregation and hand a young man a hymn book? Yet Rev. Mr. Lewis did that and I feel sure non that young man's heart without in the slightest degree sacrificing his own dignity. The congregation acted the same way and no stranger was left freezing in a pew while his neighbors sang and prayed.

There is evidently something out of order with the organ or the organist, for the instrumental music was not good. Mr. Lewis and his assistant are both good readers and their utterances are full of expression and warmth. The rector has a clear, sweet voice, manly, persuasive and gentle. Not a hard word nor a harsh tone mars his speech and it is evident he is almost adored by many of his parishioners. His face unites firmness and gentleness, and the shape of his head shows a broad and powerful mind, retentive memory and strong reasoning faculties. He would have made a splendid judge, and his decisions would seldom be set aside. His manners, as well as his speech, are graceful and unaffected and his delivery without a fault, except it may be the absence of a masterful warmth in demanding the acceptance of his conclusions.

The construction of his sermon was excellent though I will point out a couple of weak points in his exposition, which were probably caused by the lack of time at his disposal and the important nature of his theme. His text was Hebrews vi.—1, 2 and 3:

Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works and of faith towards God, (2) of the doctrine of baptisms and of laying on of hands and of resurrection from the dead and of eternal judgment, (3) and this will we do if God permit.

Though Mr. Lewis thrice read his text, I do not believe in the beginning it was clear to his congregation. The second word of it, "leaving," has more than one meaning. In very many cases, "to leave" means to abandon, and, in my opinion, the introduction should have pointed out that the text meant that these first principles being taken as the starting point, we should go on. Of course, the sermon ultimately conveyed this idea, but I could feel that many minutes were past before some of the congregation possessed themselves of this point. In the revised version the text opens more plainly, and this establishes me in the belief that the translators did not consider the old version sufficiently plain. The new text begins:



Wherefore let us cease to speak of the first principles of Christ and press on unto perfection, etc.

Passing on from this seeming lack of textual analysis I felt that he handled his subject with great force and ability. His special theme was the necessity of confirmation in the church by the laying on of hands. This, of course, is a doctrine not widely accepted outside of the Anglican church, and I do not intend to examine the possibility of refuting it, but simply to point out Mr. Lewis' omission to prove or even mention on what authority the ministers of the modern church are commanded or empowered unto the laying on of hands. This, being a controverted point, deserved some attention.

Otherwise there was a wonderfully clear exposition of the text and interesting descriptions of the persons who are spoken of in Biblical history as having been blessed by the laying on of the hands of those who were inspired. His appeal to his hearers to yield implicit obedience to the commandments, God's word, was most impassioned, but it was earnest and effective. He told them that nine-tenths of the work done in the church and Sunday school was nullified by the lack of well-defined faith and the absence of persistent and consistent Christian example at home. Many of Christ's commandments were ignored, and, he was sorry to say, none more than confirmation by the laying on of hands. He urged every one of his congregation who had arrived at the years of accountability to be confirmed, and closed a strong doctrinal sermon by pointing out the blessings promised to those who honor and obey Him and have been received into fellowship with Him.

It is refreshing to hear an extemporaneous sermon from an Anglican pulpit, and I thoroughly enjoyed Rev. Mr. Lewis' excellent discourse in which not a word was unnecessary or badly chosen. The doctrinal nature of his sermon makes criticism difficult, but under any circumstances it would be hard to find fault with such a speaker whose simple and earnest teaching is doing so much good. He is not denunciatory, and while pointing out the necessity of strict obedience to God's law he spoke of the blessings to be derived therefrom, not referring to the punishment of disobedience, but when he sat down his assistant read the 21st verse of Matthew vii., most impressively, too.

Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in Heaven!

This, I thought, was a very gentle way of indicating the penalty of disobedience, just a little too gentle to be well remembered.

DON.

Music.

Though there have been four events of some importance this week, two of them, the A. O. U. W. concert and the University conversazione, occur too late for extended notice this week. The other two are the Trinity college conversazione and the House of Providence concert. A hasty call at the Horticultural Gardens revealed a ghastly emptiness. The main gallery was well filled it is true, but this was not apparent to the visitor who entered by floor doors. The top gallery had about a hundred people in it, mostly boys who occasionally made the night hideous with their uproar, in some cases going so far in their brutal ignorance as to guy a singer by imitating her runs and roulades.

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A blue coat and a bit of sound, healthy club would be a fine corrective for such yahoos. The ground floor was occupied only about a dozen rows back. This is one of the cases where people thought they could do without newspaper advertising, and where they could rely on ticket peddling alone. Experience does it, as the dominie says, and experience will have taught them a lesson which is in vivid contrast with the splendid successes of the I. P. B. S. concert and the late Caledonian concert, where tremendous audiences rewarded the liberal advertising of their promoters.

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Well, the audience was a peculiar one; of the soloists not one was encored, though all are popular performers. This was not so much the fault of the singers as that of the concert scheme. To present a programme of operatic selections to an audience such as Wednesday night's was a brilliant mistake, and had the most frigid effect I ever saw. Miss Cheney and Mr. Schuch literally broke the ice, each once; the former by her rendering of the Bell song from Lakme, and the latter with his popular Simon the Cellarer.

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Miss Cheney has sung here before on several occasions, but not on a regular concert programme. She is a young lady of prepossessing appearance, and with a voice of fair volume and large range. She sang the difficult florid music of the Bell song with ease and with a pleasing tone, evincing considerable training. Occasionally a slight blurring marred her singing to a trifling extent, but on the whole she made a decidedly favorable impression in this, as in her other songs. Mrs. Anglin, in spite of a slight waver in her voice, showed herself a decidedly fine singer, and one who has appeared much too seldom in Toronto. She sang Venzano's concert waltz in brilliant style. Sig. D'Auria played this lady's accompaniment, and, to my mind, is not a distinguished success as an accompanist. His touch is as hard as nails, and his tone extinguished the moment the piano is struck. Speaking of accompaniments, why does not Mr. Carl Martens familiarize himself a little more with the music he is to play?

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Mr. Taylor sang his little chestnut as only he can sing it. Here is another instance of how not to do it. Taylor has a voice of very fine quality and wide range, but uses it badly. Why on earth he does not pull himself together and learn something about singing as an art is beyond my comprehension, unless it is that he is one of those unfortunates who thinks he knows enough already. Mons. Boucher's violin solos were really good, and deserved a much heartier reception than they received. The band of the Governor-General's Body Guard played very well under Tom Williams' leadership, and they broke the record, as they received the only encore of the evening.

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A dreary waste of archaic operatic music sung in a foreign tongue, by people who understand perhaps three words of that language, to people who understand nothing of it, will, I think, quite justify the frigid and somnolent attitude which so highly ornamented the audience.

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A different scene was that at Trinity College, which I reached after a hasty drive from the gardens. The pretty convocation hall was crowded, and in spite of the usual impatience to get at the dancing, which is a characteristic of a mixed programme, the performers were enthusiastically received. Capt. Geddes was in good voice and sang most pleasingly.

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Miss Elwell's concertina solo, a performance which possesses the charm of rarity, was as good as a lesson to singers. This lady endows her playing on this instrument with such a wealth of expression and artistic phrasing that everybody can learn from her how to avoid the dead level of every-day singing. How few singers think more of their songs than to grind out words and notes, one after the other, in strict—no, generally in decidedly erratic time! As to time, I am frequently reminded of a young lady of supersensitive artistic temperament, who boasts that she never sings a song twice in the same manner; that she is always inspired by the feelings of the moment. Such a dear little creature of impulse, don't-cherknow!

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Miss Bunton sang most acceptably, and is a credit to the Conservatory, where, I believe, she is now a pupil. Miss Morgan was at her best. There is one thing I like about Miss Morgan—when she sings, she sings with feeling and sympathy. In all the singing I heard on Tuesday evening there was a dreary sense of recitation and mechanical work. Here and there a fine voice and mechanical correctness, all pleasing enough in its way, but decidedly incomplete. The old Roman sage who coined the phrase, *Vox et preterea nihil*, was no donkey by any means, and the world has not changed so much in nearly two thousand years but what it has its applications to-day. In our concerts we see it. The voice begins it, the voice ends it. But the heart—that great heart that stirs all one's love, and all one's pity and sympathy—alas! how rare is it! Of all those I heard on Tuesday evening the only one who has this sublime quality, this divine afflatus, is Miss Morgan, and for this I could forgive her many faults, did she possess many.

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Sympathy, expressive power, that indefinable magnetism, which draws the tears from her hearers, she has in abundance.

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Miss Mellish, a sweet girl graduate of Trinity, gave Mrs. Bigelow's Gavotte and Mrs. Moore's Molto Felice, and looked most charming in academical gown and Mus. Bac. hood. Mr. J. F. Thomson's fine baritone, displayed in Tosti's Good-Bye, rounded off a excellent programme.

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The daily papers have been most pleasingly unanimous in congratulating Miss Annie Howden on her winning the D'Auria scholarship at the Conservatory last week. I would like to add my congratulations to the pile, but they are addressed to the Conservatory for winning a pupil of such undoubted capabilities as that young lady possesses. That Miss Howden should have gained this distinction is a credit to her former teacher, Miss Williams, who labored conscientiously and assiduously with her pupil for three years.

METRONOME.

The Poet's Corner.

To My Valentine.

For Saturday Night.

I.

I know not how,
Or when, or where,
My heart first thrilled at sound of thy dear name,
And thy sweet image,
Serene and promisingly fair,
Gleamed on my life's path my constant thought to claim.

II.

How long the years!
(And slow they crept!)
How far the goal on which my eager gaze was bent,
Till I could tell
The love I kept,
While pain and joy, while doubt and hope, were blent!

III.

How can I sing
Of that dear day,
When I thought the hour at length had come, and now
I might, with faltering tongue
And beating heart, say
To speak the love I long had hid and dared not 'vow'!

IV.

Propitious Muse!
St. Valentine's day,
The chords of joy awake o'er sorrows drowned!
My love's own answer,
Like smile of May,
Came to my *winter*, and, lo! *summer* shone around.

V.

I drew thee close
Within my arms,
And looked on thy sweet face my throbbing heart beside,
And felt earth's best
And brightest charms
Lay there in thee, my longed-for, promised bride!

—*Ability.*

Oh! Willow!

A little green apple hung up in a tree,
Calling, "Johnnie, come Johnnie, come Johnnie."
And it was as modest as modest could be,
Saying, Johnnie, come Johnnie, come Johnnie.
And Johnnie he came in his sweet childish way,
And ate up that fruit as his own lawful prey,
The angels above are singing to-day,
Here's Johnnie, here's Johnnie, here's Johnnie.

—*Communicated*

Here and There.

I have heard a great deal of buncombe talk about the liquidators of the Central Bank having spent too much time and money in investigating the causes of the failure and discovering the persons to blame for the financial disaster. I am not at all in sympathy with these fault-finders. If, to save a few thousand dollars, these matters had been overlooked and the rascals who caused the trouble not shown up, a number of men who have fled to the other side of the line would have remained here to cause further injury to the business of the country; the affair would not have warned other rascals that their sins were sure to find them out; the people would never have known how these fraudulent schemes are worked, and the culprits would have largely gone unpunished. As it is, the affairs of the bank have been so thoroughly ventilated that other bankers will hesitate before they follow the course of Exile Allen and his confederates. The innocent stockholders, the negligent directors and careless inspectors of other banks have been shown how these things can be worked and are put on their guard. Taken throughout, the whole affair is the most fortunate thing that has ever happened banking institutions in Canada for many years.

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No one has a right to impute anything but good motives to Messrs. Howland and Gooderham in their efforts to let no guilty man escape.

***

It has been claimed that the assets of the bank have been depreciated to the extent of a hundred thousand dollars and that great expense has been incurred by this searching scrutiny. It seems hard to make those who have already so severely suffered pay the expense of an investigation which is largely for the public good. I suppose there is no way of having this expense paid by the Government. If there is, the Government should pay it. But as to the depreciation of the value of the assets, I don't believe there is a word of truth in the allegation, except that by condoning the offences of men who have fled from justice they might have been able to obtain a partial restitution of the moneys fraudulently obtained. This would have been a criminal offence on the part of the liquidators, and there is no desire in the heart of any honest man to involve himself in a conspiracy of this kind—in order to lessen his losses by a few dollars. Messrs. Gooderham and Howland are certainly right in doing as they have done.

***

As to Mr. Campbell: those who have read the evidence cannot but feel that he has been too intimately associated with Mr. Baxter and his stool pigeons and confederates to have anything to do with handling what little money and valuables are left to the creditors of the bank. He may be an honest man, but his idea of the proprieties of commercial life and business rectitude has evidently been warped by too frequent intercourse with brokers of the Baxter and Cox stripe. His conduct is open to only two explanations: a lack of ability or a lack of sterling honesty. No matter which horn of the dilemma he accepts he must be seen to be unfit for the position he occupies. It would be easy to use much harsher language in characterizing Mr. Campbell's conduct, but the evidence is before the people, and they themselves can apply the terms they deem suitable.

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The only palliating circumstance I can suggest is that Mr. Campbell has been accustomed to view matters entirely through banking spectacles, and has grown so used to the habits of financial magnates that he may imagine there is no code of honor other than theirs. Evidence of this is seen in him having made preferential creditors of all the other banks, whose claims were paid in full at the expense of the poor shareholders and depositors who were less able to bear the loss and were surely entitled to the greatest possible consideration. Like the unjust steward he had been giving his employer the worst of it and sought to make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness by standing solid with those who could help him in future. Mr. Campbell was evidently looking out for other jobs in the line of liquidatorships, and it is an exceedingly fortunate thing that the probability of him ever again being trusted with such a responsible position has faded away under the examination before the Master at Osgoode Hall. If the settlement of broken banks were to be left in the hands of such men as Mr. Campbell the wrecking of financial institutions would be a comparatively safe and fashionable method of accumulating wealth. Mr. Campbell cannot too soon use the stub of his return ticket to Montreal.

***

The fact that no real criticism has appeared of Bill Nye's lecture encourages me at this late date to have something to say. The Press club has had wonderful success with the lecturers and elocutionists they have so far engaged for their entertainments. Bill Nye drew a crowded house at Association hall, on Thursday, February 2, and I am not afraid to say 90 per cent. of the people went away disappointed, though the Press club must be happy over the many good dollars they made out of their venture.

***

In the first place Bill Nye was wearied by his journey from New York which ended only an hour before he appeared on the platform. From the very beginning the people were ready to laugh at everything he said; and his quaint Yankee humor is certainly very funny. But many of his hearers had heard the majority of the stories he told, and to them it lacked the charm of novelty. Another section had not that quick appreciation of the dry Western humor which leaves much of the joke to the imagination of the hearer. Another large portion of the audience could not hear what he said, for his voice is not strong and the hall is large. Worst of all, he was too brief to suit the majority who imagined, when they paid fifty cents for a reserved seat, or twenty-five cents for entrance to the gallery, that they ought to get a three-hour's entertainment. On the same principle they encore every singer at a high-class operatic concert, not so much because they want to hear her sing as that they are determined to get the worth of their money. For my part I was satisfied, though I think Bill Nye writes better than he lectures. He is funny to look at, and the many pictures of the clean-shaven, bald-headed joker we have seen assist our imagination when looking at him and prepare us to be amused. His chief weakness, which is really more serious than anything that has been mentioned, is the entire lack of pathos in his lecture. Nothing forms a background for his funny picture. There are no climaxes, no versatile changings from grave to gay, no preparation of the emotions for the surprises which must always be the chief element of fun. He is quaint in his sayings and in his manner of expressing himself but even his quaintness suggests that his story is first written in ordinary language and that he then consults a book of synonyms and replaces every common-place word with some substitute or phrase not ordinarily used in such a connection. To the critic this exposes his humor to the charge of being the result of hard grinding rather than spontaneity. But aside from all these things it cannot be denied that Bill Nye is one of the funniest writers America has ever seen, and is, without doubt, the best newspaper humorist alive. People may compare him with Mark Twain, Artemus Ward and a lot of other people, but it must be remembered that it is harder to amuse newspaper readers now than it was twenty years ago when that sort of thing had all its freshness and the appetite of the readers had not been satiated by the efforts of funny paragraphers and accomplished jokers the continent over. However, if Bill Nye lectures here again his audience will be much smaller than it was Thursday night week, and this is one of the best standards by which to measure a humorist's lecture. Burdette, on the other hand, could come back to a more crowded house than he had before.

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But those who think they can deliver as funny a speech as Bill Nye have only got to try to make an after-dinner speech, and they will have a much better appreciation of the task.

Chat From The 'Varsity.

Among the Knox students who were present at the At Home of the Young People's Association of St. James' square were noticed Messrs. Tolling, Elliott and Fraser.

*

Mr. Horatio C. Boultbee has appeared unusually busy about the corridors of late. The little book he carries contains, I believe, the names of those who have joined the non-hazing union, while his persuasive eloquence is being expended on that philanthropic movement.

*

Mr. J. D. Graham was elected to fill the position of fourth year representative on the Glee club. Rehearsals for the conversazione have occupied the club's attention lately. The committee were photographed last week.

*

Mr. T. R. Shearer, B. A., read an essay on the oldest book in the world at the last Knox college public debate. The preparation of a good original essay is one of the best tests of the advantages gained from college work. Mr. Shearer's essay showed careful preparation and was well read.

*

Mr. F. J. Steen was chosen as the 'Varsity's representative at McGill conversazione which was held on the evening of Tuesday last.

The lectures delivered by the Rev. R. Y. Thompson, B.D., at Knox are deservedly popular.

*

At the Literary society Commercial Union was found an interesting subject of debate. The discussion will be resumed next Friday evening. There are always so many other attractions on Friday evenings that the attendance at the society is not so large as it otherwise would be.

*

As usual there were no lectures yesterday. The library was also closed for a couple of days on account of the conversazione.

*

Now that the conversazione is over, and the college has again welcomed its friends at its annual reception, it will become the festive student to bethink him of the sunny days of May. Last night's entertainment was but a poor return, it is true, for the kindness which the students, as a body, meet with from friends in the city, socially; yet it was gratifying to see so many of our friends present and apparently enjoy again a social evening in the old college halls.

*

At a union meeting of the Theological Literary society and the Cos Ingeniorum held at McMaster hall on February 3rd, a very interesting debate took place on the subject Resolved that Annexation to the United States would be to the best interests of Canada. Mr. Donald H. McLean led the affirmative, and was much praised for his clever speaking. He was ably supported by Mr. J. N. Gregory. The negative was well handled by Messrs. A. J. Vining and J. F. Nelles. Dr. Young presided and gave the decision in favor of the affirmative. The other features of the programme were essay reading, reciting and singing of college songs.

*

The 'Varsity was well represented at Trinity conversazione. Among those present were Messrs. D. R. Keys, B.A., T. Nattress, B.A., J. E. Jones, E. Lyon, E. C. Senkler, F. H. Suffel, L. E. Skey, N. P. Buckingham, A. J. Mackenzie, —— Smith, E. G. Rykert, and Misses Ross and Scott.

Janauschek triumphed last week at the Grand—triumphed over the prejudice which refined Toronto has for a heavy masculine voice in a woman, and an unfavorable—or in this case, I should rather say—an indifferent personal appearance, especially on the stage; and succeeded in winning over her good audiences to sympathy first, and then working them to a pitch of enthusiasm for the grandeur and magnificence of her characterizations, as only a great tragedienne such as herself can do. Although all her pieces were well chosen, and acted in, an ideal way, the character and part of Mary Stuart was her strongest. At the time of Mary's life that this piece portrays her, she has almost outlived hope and youth, and saddened, dignified womanhood, whose spirit is not crushed yet, but rises to rebel against the indignities imposed by her sister queen in her imprisonment, sits well—perfectly—on Janauschek's head. In her scene with Queen Elizabeth in the woods of Fotheringay, where she crushes down her pride to plead, to satisfy her women and sympathizers, for her life, she was absolute mistress of her art. The struggle with herself to bear the taunts and triumph of Elizabeth, and the final triumph of rage and pride and hatred when she exclaims, "This is too much!" and turns on Elizabeth, anathematizing her as "bastard!" and dragging in the name and end of Anne Bolleyn, is magnificent, winning for Mary the entire sympathy of the audience. The curtain went down on this scene only to be raised once—twice—thrice—for the satisfaction of the widely enthusiastic applauders. Elizabeth, as portrayed by Miss Leigh, was hardly the realization of one's childish ideal of history's Good Queen Bess. She was too imperious, haughty and hard with her courtiers—too cruelly taunting, triumphant and unrelenting with Mary. When she was struggling with her womanhood, to sign the death warrant, it gave one the idea of some sinister motive or personal spite versus ambition and policy. The rest of the cast had minor parts, but Mr. Stuart, as Sir Edward Mortimer, was most sympathetic, graceful and passionate.

*

The impression left upon all who saw Janauschek was her devotion to her art. When she acted she did everything as if her whole soul was wrapped up in it. Whatever emotion she affected reigned for the time, absolute. She was in turn dignified, sad, hopeless, despairing, high-spirited, imperious, haughty, humbled, furious, resigned.

*

Her costuming of Mary Stuart greatly helped her rather unattractive appearance to more comeliness. Her gown in one scene was a rich, royal deep violet plush or velvet with a full, long train. The front and sleeves were of some brocaded texture of that shade of heliotrope which suggests pink. Her head-dress was the notable Marie Stuart crown or bonnet, of the violet, edged with ruchings of the paler color. For her execution she arrayed herself in a superb gown of dull white material, on which were embroidered designs in gold thread, with a full wide train. The bodice was made decolette, and the sleeves puffed on the shoulders. She wore a gorgeous display of jewels, having on a wide crown unstinted with brilliants; also necklaces, pins, etc. The costume worn by Queen Elizabeth in the forest scene at Fotheringay was especially picturesque. It was a royal green velvet riding habit, the skirt made rather short and narrow with three rows of gold braid around the edge, beneath which could be seen the high-heeled riding boots. There was a short, narrow train, edged with the gold braid, and a high-necked, tight-fitting bodice. A large Gainsboro' hat of green velvet, caught up at the left side by a jeweled brooch and decorated with a pheasant, the tails of which waving gracefully over the shoulder gave a quaint, picturesque effect to the costume, while the riding gloves and whip completed it.

*

Is it because Toronto society is not cultivated up to a sufficiently high standard to appreciate the talents of such a great actress as Janauschek that it fails to patronize it with common accord? Or is it because the counter attractions during her engagement here were too genuine a fact, and the promised enjoyments too well understood, to allow of them being resigned for a less positive one? However this may be, and although the theater was well crowded on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week, those of society who take real pleasure and instruction out of historic and dramatic characters as depicted by the great tragedienne, are so few in numbers that their presence was scattered sparsely over the four performances.

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Among these were Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Heath, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Totten, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, the Misses Meredith, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Arch. McLean, Mr. George Michie, Mr. E. H. Kertland, Mr. and Mrs. Meyer, Mr. Gamble Geddes.

*

Imre Kiralfy's spectacular production Lagardere or The Hunchback of Paris has been drawing crowded houses at the Grand all week. The plot of the play I gave last week. It is a melodrama of the old school where the swords of the actors are continually clattering one against the other, and the stage is supposed to be deluged with blood at least once every act. The story in brief is of a child secreted from the enemies of the house of De Nevers and being restored to the mother in the last scene amidst exclamations of "Me l-e-o-at ch-e-ld" and frantic embraces. Though the plot or the action is as old as the everlasting hills the play is full of interest, action and striking tableaux. The scenic effects are magnificent and the ballet interesting and beautiful, particularly in "The Seven Ages," where an army of little tots not over five or six years old come toddling on the stage while the orchestra plays, "Come, kiss papa," "Peek-a-boo," and other popular airs of that sort. I wonder where they got all those babies. I suppose it won't hurt the children but it looks like a rather premature introduction to a theatrical career. Aside from the moral and educational aspect of it, it was a most unique and beautiful thing, and I would advise my readers to go and see it. The next age, boys "loitering on their way to school," and all the ages of man up to "lean and slippered pantaloon" were well done, and Imre Kiralfy is reaping the success due his originality. J. H. Gilmour, as Lagardere, the greatest swordsman of France; Henriequez, the armorer of Segovia, and Æsop, the hunchback of Paris, is clever and pleasing in his triple character, and succeeeds in performing his very melo-dramatic parts without any ranting or chewing of the scenery. The scene where he throws down his sword is worthy of Booth. Mr. Nash, who represented the Regent of France, should be careful not to drop his "g's"; to have Phillippe de Orleans talking about "livin'" is rather disillusionizing. W. H. Lytell, as Carrickfergus, an Irish soldier of fortune, is a great success, and is receiving liberal applause from his old Toronto friends. I saw the first production of Lagardere at Niblo's Gardens, and Billy Lytell has largely strengthened his part by his own native wit until it certainly rank next to the title role. Helen Tracy as Blanche de Caylus is very effective and proves herself to be a good actress, which cannot be said of Nettie Van-Sickles, an incapable who plays the part of Blanche her daughter. Taking the large cast as a whole it is really excellent and a performance of such a superior character well deserves the success which it is attaining.

*

The Wages of Sin, a five-act play with which Torontonians are quite familiar, has not proved a very strong attraction at the Toronto this week, probably because of the strength of the opposition at the Grand. The simple story of Ruth Hope's marital misfortunes appeals to every heart. Her husband Stephen Marlar becoming a drunken reprobate, George Brand, a curate who was in love with Ruth before her marriage, interferes in her behalf with the usual results. It is a play of much the same style as the Lights o' London without the scenic effects. Thomas McCabe, who assumed the role of George Brand, and Etelka Wardell, in the role of Ruth Hope, lacked the refinement necessary for the proper presentation of their parts. Perhaps they both had bad colds as their voices were loud and hoarse. Jemima Bloggs and Julianna her daughter were well given by Annie Wood and Alberta Galatin, the latter specially being full of genuine girlish spirit. The play affords unusual opportunities for delicate touches of pathos and fine shades of feeling which Mr. Jacobs' company are not able to give it, while all the coarser characters and harsher scenes are very well done, especially by King Hedley as Stephen Marlar. The whole performance, however, is even and the entertainment good.

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Next week McKee Rankin presents the Danites and '49 at the Toronto.

*

Hoodman Blind will be the attraction at the Grand Opera house next week with Frederic DeBelleville and Viola Allen in the leading roles, supported by an excellent company. Perhaps there is no dramatic title so little understood and yet so full of meaning as that of Hoodman Blind. It is an early English term, meaning to hoodwink, to blindfold, to mislead. Its present dramatic significance is that of a young farmor, who, through the duplicity of a supposed friend, is deceived into believing his wife untrue, while she is, in fact, the incarnation of purity and fidelity. In the development of the plot the sunlight of truth dispels that which obscures the moral vision of the hoodwinked husband and he is Hoodman Blind no longer. Between the beginning and the finale, there is a sermon worthy of a Beecher.

*

Frederick DeBelleville, who appears as Jack Yeulett in Hoodman Blind, is a very handsome man and an excellent actor of the Frenchy school, and it will be remembered that he last appeared in Toronto as The Silver King.

*

The youngest leading lady on the American stage is Viola Allen, a lovely and talented girl of twenty, who is favorably known in New York and other cities in which she has played. Miss Allen has distinguished herself as leading lady for John McCullough, and has also appeared in leading roles with Lawrence Barrett. Both the distinguished actors were charmed with her talent, and predicted for her a brilliant future. She was also leading support to Signor Salvini during his last tour in this country, and it was agreed on all sides that she was an ideal Desdemona, and an almost perfect interpreter of Shakespeare's most tender and womanly creations.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Miss Mary Anderson is again reported to be engaged. The fiance is said to be a Mr. George Beckwith, son of a merchant in London. It has hitherto been one of Miss Anderson's attractions that she should be, not only heart whole, but fancy free.

Mr. Irving's second New York engagement of four weeks will begin at the Star, February 20, with the production of Olivia, and he will probably do Much Ado About Nothing, and possibly Twelfth Night, while Faust will be repeated for a few nights. The Saturday night performances will consist of The Lyons Mail and Werner.

Osmond Tearle in September will take the road, in the British provinces, as a star, on his own account. He will play entirely in the legitimate, and his affairs will be in the hands of a competent manager. He does not hesitate to admit, however, that from a monetary point of view, he could do infinitely better in America but England is his home, and England at half the money even, is his motto.

Kate Claxton apparently feels intensely when she enters shivering in the Two Orphans. But how did she get at the necessary condition to portray this emotion? Not being an artist by intuition, she sought the knowledge required most practically, and was wont to stand for half an hour in the arctic passage way of the Union Square theater, to experience the sense of freezing actually before going on the stage.

The two principal traveling attractions next season under the management of Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau will be M. Coquelin and Miss Mary Anderson. The French actor will begin his tour in Rio Janeiro, and opens in New York for three weeks on Oct. 3. His tour of this country is limited to twelve weeks, and he goes as far as San Francisco. He brings a full company, the leading lady being Miss Bertha Stuart, formerly Bertha Girardin. The other principal members are Mme. Patrie and MM. Duquesne and Abel. M. Coquelin's repertoire is extensive, comprising about seventeen pieces, including Don Cæsar, The Bells, Gringoire, Chamillac, Tartuffe and The Marriage of Figaro. Miss Anderson's American season begins Nov. 12, and A Winter's Tale, which has been so successful at the Lyceum theater, London, will be a leading feature of her repertoire.

Singers of Sacred Song.

We present this week the portraits of Mrs. O'Hara, St. Michael's; Miss E. Blumberg, Richmond street synagogue, and Miss Maggie Lester, of the Church of the Redeemer.

MRS. O'HARA.

Mrs. O'Hara has a high soprano voice, of brilliant compass, and sings with feeling and good taste.

MISS BLUMBERG.

Miss E. Blumberg has been in the choir of the Richmond street synagogue for about two years. She has a sweet soprano voice.

MISS LESTER.

Miss Maggie Lester is one of the principal soprano singers of the Church of the Redeemer. She is petite in stature, with a very expressive mobile face. Her principal powers lie in the direction of elocution, in which she has already won for herself a prominent professional position.

Great Scissors.

"I am going to whip you, sir," he wrote,
"For printing that piece on me;
I'll teach you to rail at a man of note—
My name is Smith," wrote he.
But when he came with a whoop and a howl,
To seek the editor's blood,
The wily editor caught him foul,
And stabbed him through with the office towel,
And he fell with a heavy thud.

—*Oil City Blizzard.*

WIDOWER JONES.

A Faithful History of His "Loss" and Adventures in Search of a 'Companion."

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD.

Author of "Furmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "A Bad Man's Sweetheart," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

FOR BEN'S SAKE.

"Say, Ruth, who was old Jones spoonin' round last night? You ought to know."

"Which would you rather?" answered Ruth, leaning on the back of the rocker, and turning her bright face full upon her brother, who sat on the corner of the table, swinging his heels viciously to and fro.

"I'd rather hev it you," he answered sulkily.

"Why?"

"Because you air smart enough teh take care of yerself, an' mother's gittin' old and might take some silly notion about marryin' agin!"

"I'm getting old and might take some silly notion about marrying. Would you care?"

"Not so much if it was a sensible man of yes own age an' able teh keep yeh!"

"How would Deacon Jones suit you for a brother-in-law?"

"That dam old fool!" snorted Rufe, con temptuously. "I'm not afraid of him!"

"Don't be so sure. He's a nice looking old man, and, since he's got his hair dyed, appears quite young. He can't be over forty-five or fifty!"

"No, I s'pose not. Ben's only about forty, and they're brothers, haint they?" Rufe was staring straight into Ruth's face, as he snarled out his joke, but joined his sister in the laugh that followed.

"Are you sure the Deacon isn't Ben's son?" asked Ruth, mirthfully.

"Like 'nuff," sulked Rufe who had succeeded in resuming his hostile demeanor, "though I never heer'd of Ben bein' married, but like 'nuff that don't make much diff'rance with actor people."

"His mother told some of the neighbors once that she'd heard Ben was going to get married about ten years ago—I wonder if he did." Ruth was still standing by the rocking chair, balancing herself on her dainty right foot, with the other one tucked behind it, and swinging slowly backward and forward. She liked to rail at Rufe about Ben and her graceless brother knew it.

"Why didn't yeh ast him when he was here," he inquired, still watching her face intently.

"Say Rufe," she said with serio-comic gravity, "do you know I did?"

"Did what?"

"Asked him!"

"Ash him what?"

"If he'd ever been married."

"Well, you had good nerve!"

"Haven't I always?"

"Too good sometimes! What did he say?"

"He said 'yes, several times, but he'd never do it again!'"

"He was jokin'."

"Maybe. Both of us were joking, but somehow I thought he half meant what he said. Did he ever tell you anything about it?"

"No, simple! He never was married any more than you were." Rufe spoke energetically and was still watching her face, his habitual scowl hiding the intense love for her that sought to fathom her heart and find if she were in love with Ben.

"Don't you think he treats women funny?"

"I never saw him treat no women, but he treated the boys down at the tavern all right." Rufe laughed at his joke but Ruth didn't.

"I hate the sound of 'tavern,' Rufe! Did Ben Jones go there much?"

"No, not often; he's too fine haired for the Applebury crowd."

"I wish you were!" added Ruth gently.

Rufe hated to be lectured and on ordinary occasions would have jammed his hat on his head and slammed himself out of the door. Now he was too anxious to find out about the Deacon to take offence, so he remarked sulkily:

"I wish you knowed enough not to lecture. Yeh know it haint no good, so give over a spell. Who was the Deacon mushing round, you er mother?"

"I guess it was me, Rufus. Mother's too old for the Deacon," laughed Ruth, her white teeth glistening and her eyes sparkling.

"But he don't think he's too old fer you?"

"Oh dear no, you ought to have seen him dancing 'round like a boy before you came. It was a shame for you to treat a beau of mine like you treated him!"

"I'll use him better next time if you say so!" sneered Rufe.

"And the cat! It was awful the way Tom acted when the Deacon sat down on him. You ought to have seen him jump!"

"Who? Snir or the cat?"

"Both," and Ruth, suiting the action to the word, described the Deacon's adventure while Rufe laughed till he had to hold his sides, as his sister dramatically acted the part of the wounded Deacon and then with wonderful mimicry ran ye-o-w-ling round the room in imitation of the poor crushed Tommy.

"He'd find tat eggs kinder soothin'," said Rufe reminiscently.

"What eggs?" demanded Ruth, breathless from her exertion, stopping short before her brother.

"Oh, I put a few on the buggy seat an' covered 'em over with grass, jest teh make him remember me!"

Ruth laughed, but as her brother described his lark with the deacon's horse and buggy, she began to look serious, and then angry.

"How could you do such a thing? Every one of them bar-room loafers 'll know he was up to see me, and I'll be the talk of the neighborhood."

"No, they won't, nuther!" snapped Rufe. "I guess I've *some* sense. I told them I'd found the rig tied up teh Mrs. Turner's!"

Ruth looked relieved, and Rufe saw his chance to find out what he wanted.

"I yer so skeerd of bein' talked about, what did ye ast him back fer?"

"I didn't!"

"But he expects teh come back, er else he lied uch me!" ventured Rufe, wrinkling up his eyebrows and watching to see if the bait took.

"The old idiot! He asked me if he could come again, and I told him I'd let him know at meeting on Sunday. But if he dares to speak to me I'll make his head dizzy the way I'll give him his walking ticket."

"Say, Ruth, let him come!" exclaimed Rufe, with incautious earnestness.

"Why? For you to make fun of?"

"No, not that exactly, but it 'd do him good teh get a real good set-back an' hear an honest opinion uv the way he's actin'. Mebbe it 'd stop him runnin' round for a spell an' help him wait till his wife 's got cold afore he hunts fer another."

"I won't do it. I've had enough of that sort of thing an' if it gets round that every fool widower comes running after me, I may just as well get ready to marry one of them or expect to be an old maid!"

Ruth had seated herself in the rocker, and as she spoke her face saddened as if the future she pictured was not the one for which she longed.

"But yeh'd be doin' good if yeh stopped the old fool from pranking round after girls afore his wife had been dead six months!"

"Doing good!" laughed Ruth sarcastically, "that's the first time I've ever heard you talk about 'doing good.' The Deacon must have converted you last night."

Rufe was floored for a moment, but his inventive powers were equal to the occasion.

"I know the Jones girls 'ud be tickled teh death if you'd give the old man a whirl tharo'd stop im."

"Yes, they would, like fun! They'd go round saying I tried teh catch him, and couldn't! That's what they'd say and people'd be just mean enough to believe them!"

"N-a-w!" grunted Rufe, emphatically. "Nuthin' uv th' kind!" but she felt she had the best of him and he was weakened by a consciousness of the deception he was practicing. But he had promised Ben, and would have to see their plan carried out, so he took a new tack.

"When Ben was home he told me he was sure old Sniv, as he calls 'im, 'd be runnin' after a new wife inside a year, an' afore he went away he ast me teh make it his job fer the old hippercrit as I knew how. Isrul showed me a letter from Ben not three days ago astin' him how things stood, and tellin' him not teh let th' old critter get married agin nohow till he got back. That's what made me act up th' other night, but I kinder thought I overdid it an' guessed out a better plan!"

"Is Ben coming back soon?" enquired Ruth, with brightening eyes.

"He didn't say when, but I guess it won't be long; least that's what I gethered from th' letter." With all his faults Rufe was a poor liar, and to his sister it was his habit to tell the truth. As she sat there, her great mass of fluffy hair brushed back from her face, and only stray locks curling down over the low, white forehead, she looked more beautiful to him than any woman he had ever seen. The bright eyes and red lips, the white teeth and shapely throat, the hands clasped behind her head, and the rounded arms and graceful curves of waist and limb were to him models of beauty which no man could resist. Rufe had never told her how much he admired and loved her, but she knew it, and more—that if need be, her black-browed, profane and reckless brother would lay down his life for her, or as a pledge of her purity, goodness and truth. She had flirted desperately with men who were unfit companions for a good woman, but never with Rufe's consent. He had stormed and threatened, but with wilful heedlessness she had followed her own counsel, and enjoyed the liberty from which a woman's reputation seldom comes out unsuspected. Particularly in country places, where everybody knows everybody's else history, is flirtation a dangerous game. When the match which has presumably been made, is broken off, half the neighborhood is ready to say it is her doing, and the other half is sure to report that he jilted her. Reasons, too, are concocted or invented, and the frailties of the sex and the wickedness and suspicion of man are guessed at being at the bottom of it. Nobody had ever dared to speak ill of Ruth, but she was spoken of as flighty and giddy, loving the company of men too well for men to trust her. That she had passed through the fire without being singed, gained her no reputation for strength, but rather left her with the reputation of "having gone as far as she dared."

To a certain extent Rufe knew this and he was the more anxious to have her act discreetly because he had never shown in his own conduct that he knew the meaning of the word. He saw in the interest she took in Ben that he had found the way to influence her, yet he feared to use it.

"I should think his sisters would be glad, he was so good to them."

"Yes an' he was good to his mother; an' hates teh hev her fergot so quick."

Ruth sat in silent thought for a few moments, while Rufe kicked his heels together and wished he had never gone into his compact with Ben.

"It would be a good joke to give the Deacon a lesson if no one found it out," suggested Ruth musingly.

"Then ast him up an' I'll help yeh make it hot fer the old rooster!"

The possibilities of fun which the visit suggested made Ruth laugh, and with a complete abandonment of herself to the joke she planned it out and told Rufe she would have the Deacon around on Sunday night.

All day Rufe felt he had done wrong and his loyalty to Ben was at war with his love for Ruth, but at night he told Ben to be on hand Sunday evening and the Deacon would be held ready to be operated upon.

At church on Sunday, Widower Jones sidled up to Ruth and caught her hurried whisper, "Come to night."

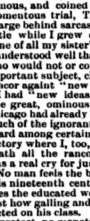
"Yeh'll never regret it," he answered, exultantly. "I'll make yeh the finest lady in th' land!"

Fearful lest she might attract attention Ruth smiled sweetly on her victim and hastened away, already sick at heart of the game she had chosen to play.

The Deacon, however, considered his suit accepted and in his delight went home and declared himself.

(To be Continued.)

and Last Jealousy.



I'T all happened quite recently. I had been married just about a year. My marriage had been a great surprise to my derly sister, Thyrza, and it had been scarcely less of a surprise to myself.

Thyrza and I have lived in Chicago ever since our last-left parent died. She is certainly fifteen years older than I am. She is a spinster, and not by any means fair to look upon. I have always felt that she was fond of me at heart, underneath all her sour, grumbling ways. People used to say that I over-indulged her oddities and freaks of temper. But the truth is, I was used to them; I had grown up with them; I hardly minded them more than I did a foggy morning or a gust of raw wind, blowing straight from the lake.

Thyrza liked to call me a crank. When at first I frowned upon this assertion, because the vile murderer, Guiteau, had made the word famous, and connect it in my mind with a momentous trial, Thyrza would veit her open charge behind sarcastic insinuations. But in a little while I grew careless of these, as I had done of all my sister's acidities and pin-thrusts. I understood well that Thyrza, like many others who would not or could not think deeply on any important subject, cherished a swift and bitter rancor against "new ideas."

I had "new ideas," and I have them still. The great, ominous growl of the strikers in Chicago had already begun to sound. I deplored much of the ignorant, dynamitish talk which I heard among certain fellow-laborers in the huge factory where I too, worked, but I felt that beneath all the rancorous dissatisfaction there was a real cry for justice.

No man feels the biting tyranny of capital in this nineteenth century of ours so keenly as does the educated workman. It is he who sees just how galling and futile is the wrong inflicted on his class. He has no mass of property to protect, no monetary interests to serve. His possession is all in his brain and heart, and if he has a brain cultivated enough to tell him of what mighty value to society that work is (when represented in its enormous aggregate by the struggles of himself and his associates) he will almost weep tears of blood at what he rightly deems his own social degradation.

I had gone to a good public school till I was nearly 14 years old. Then my father's death made it imperative for me to leave off learning and try simply to live. Poor Thyrza did her share, too. She sewed with all her might, and grew old before her time in striving to make a decent home for both of us. But I, fatigued as I constantly was after working hours, read books and fed my eager craving for knowledge. That is why my sister calls me a "crank" today. There are more of such cranks among the so-called "ignorant masses" in America at the present time than certain shrewd statesmen and wealthy monopolists either admit or realize. And all that is best and finest in the pulse of modern "socialism" at this hour belongs to them, and not to the rash, rebellious and unfortunate throngs who shriek for redress while wholly misunderstanding the true maladies from which they suffer.

The first real quarrel between Thyrza and myself was not at all on account of my "radical" sympathies. It was because I had frankly announced to her that I would soon marry Annette Rathburn.

"What do you actually know about the girl?" Thyrza had said to me in her tartest tones. "Her father came to the factory from Detroit as a foreman a year ago. He died suddenly, leaving this daughter. Some of you fellows made a purse for her and you presented the purse. And in presenting the purse you fell in love with her. Now you're going to marry her. And I ask you again, John Frame, what do you know of her? Nothing, except that she's got blue eyes and an innocent kind of a smile that reminds you of our poor, darling dead sister Lucy. Why, she may be—"

I broke in there, and silenced Thyrza with the most wrathful words I had ever used to her. I told her that if she did not respect my wife she must go and live elsewhere. And I ended by saying in what was no doubt a mild voice:

"The great thing that surprises me about it all is Annette's consent to marry me. She could have many a better-looking and richer fellow than I am, I have no doubt. You know very well, Thyrza, that I'm a lank, ugly, awkward creature. And I can hardly believe that a sweet, winsome girl like Annette can possibly care for me. But she says that she does, and that ends the story."

We were married soon afterward, and I brought Annette home to our plain lodgings. For weeks and weeks I could never get over that strange feeling about her loving me at all. I would look at her at it again and again that I dwelt on it morbidly. But she would always answer me with so tender and real a show of affection that perhaps I put the question oftener than I should have done just to get her delightful smiles and her bashful kisses.

Thyrza dropped numerous hints to me, as days passed on, about my wife's reticence regarding her own people in Detroit. But I never taxed Annette with any penetrative inquiries on this account. I knew that both her parents were dead, and I accepted her rather general statement that most of the near relatives she had in Detroit were either also dead or else estrangingly married and ashamed of their kinship to her. But I often saw a worried look on my young wife's face, which she would try to hide from me if conscious that I perceived it, and which I was conscious to have sprung from no unpleasant treatment on the part of my sister. For I had so directly and meaningly informed Thyrza of how I should resent any harsh or even unfriendly behavior toward Annette that I felt certain my warning had sown the seed.

One evening, a little after 6 o'clock, I returned from work at the factory, as usual, to find Thyrza complete the preparations for supper, with an unwontedly grim look on her grim, thin visage.

"Where is Annette?" I asked.

"Don't know," said my sister, bluntly enough. "She went out two hours ago. She said she had some shopping to do."

I seated myself near one of the windows. Something in my sister's manner hurt me, but I shook off the feeling of irritation that she had caused. "Things look bad at the factory," I said, gloomily; "in fact, they look bad all over town. We may have orders to strike, now, almost any day."

Thyrza turned sharply. "Orders!" she repeated, contemptuously. "Why, can't you be a free man, John, and let those traces unless alone? The idea of thinking you're you'll be doing something with that hot temper of yours to regret forever afterward."

"I've had some experiences lately," I said with a sombre laugh. "That was enough to raise my temper a good many degrees. Our employers are hard as stones, and if they're not careful they'll push their workmen into deeds of violence that they'll never forget."

"Violence!" exclaimed Thyrza. "Oh! I do hope you won't be such a fool as to join them in any half-brained nonsense like that!"

"Never!" I said; "at least, not while I keep my head clear, my nerves steady."

"Hy, there's Annette, now."

The window from which I was looking, and which commanded a good view of the street, was not far by any means from the door, and no mistaking my wife's face and figure as she stood in the waning twilight of the thoroughfare below me. A young man, with a slender form that was not much taller than her own, and a pale, smooth face that almost a glance told you was not devoid of beauty, stood at her side. A minute later I saw her take his hand and press it, as if in parting. I could see her body bent forward while she did so, as if in anxiety or solicitude.

"Who is he?" I said aloud, pressing my forehead closer against the window pane.

My sister was looking over my shoulder in another minute. "Who is who?" she enquired.

I did not answer. I think Thyrza discerned the young man very clearly. But she simply walked away from the window with a peculiar little sound made by the lips, which gave me inexpressible annoyance.

Shortly after this Annette came into the room. The chilly air outside had given her a bright color and her blue eyes were full of a vivacious light.

"Who was that young man?" I immediately asked her.

The blood seemed to rush confusedly to her face for an instant; or was this merely the effect of the changing light, as Thyrza removed the lamp from mantelpiece to supper table?

She did not reply, and I repeated my question. But almost immediately, now, my sister broke in, with a suggestion of perverse interference that made me bite my lip in annoyance. "Good gracious me, Annette," she said, "I hope you're not ashamed to tell the young man's name.

"Oh no, Thyrza," said Annette. I could see plainly that she was embarrassed, while she fastened her bonnet and shawl. "That man was only some one from Detroit," she went on, "whom I used to—to know there."

"Oh, indeed!" said Thyrza, with an accent of the most unmerciful satire. "Mightn't it have been just as well if you'd asked him inside? Or was he too high-toned a gentleman for John and me?"

Annette gave no reply, and the meal at which we all three presently seated ourselves passed off almost in silence. My old distrust of my powers to fill Annette's fancy, to satisfy her sentiment, had returned with most haunting potency.

Could it be possible, I asked myself, that my wife had a brother whose existence she was for some reason unwilling to acknowledge? Now that I gave reflection to this possibility I assumed more than probable colors. It explained a good deal of her previous reticence regarding her life and association in Detroit. And it left me with an excellent reason for her embarrassment on appearing before myself and my sister a little while ago.

As soon as we were alone together that evening I said to Annette:

"Thyrza was wrong in having spoken to you with that sarcastic style of hers about your Detroit acquaintance. But then you know my sister's way.

"Yes, John," she answered, drooping her sweet, long-lashed eyes a little.

I was waiting for some explanation from her of who the stranger was; and I began to feel a reproachful sense that she should now make both his name and the circumstances of their acquaintanceship quite clear to me. But she gave me no further reply.

"You never had a brother, did you, Annette?" I presently resumed, looking at her, perhaps, with more steadiness than I was aware of.

"A brother?" she repeated, starting. "No—never."

"But you have a sister, a little older than yourself, who lives in Detroit?"

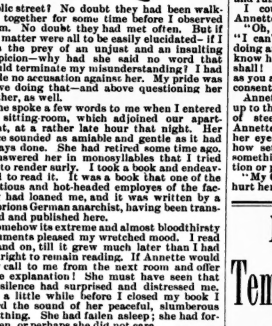
"Yes," she replied with speed, and with a sudden delicate little flush tingeing her soft complexion. (I had no doubt this time about the latter manifestation). "Now in Detroit," she added, and then stopped short. For an instant I felt that she was about to speak further on this or some other subject. But I was disappointed, and controlled the impulse that soon came upon me to ask her another question.

That evening I left the house to attend a meeting of our trade union. There were some fiery and turbulent spirits there, and, though they refrained from extreme the fierceness of their views before the gathered assemblage, I mixed with some of them afterward and felt embittered enough to sympathize almost (transiently, at least) with the revolt and incendiarism which they uttered.

There is no use denying it, I had become burningly jealous of my wife.

What more natural than that she should have married me for the merest worldly reasons? I was ill-looking. I had none of the arts which can please or cajole her sex. Since my boyhood no member of it had ever shown me the least liking before. Annette Rathburn had seen her chance of support—of decent thrift, and had married me. Women were constantly doing just these deliberated things in higher not less than in lower spheres of life than our own.

She had told me that she had not a single male friend in all Chicago beside myself. How, then, had she become intimate enough with this well-favored youth to warrant his holding converse with her as I had seen him do in the



public street? No doubt they had been walking together for some time before I observed them. No doubt they had met often. But if the matter were to be easily elucidated—if I was the prey of an unjust and an insulting suspicion—why had she said no word that would terminate my misunderstanding? I had made no accusation against her. My pride was above doing that—and above questioning her further, as well.

She spoke a few words to me when I entered the sitting-room, which adjoined our apartment, at a rather late hour that night. Her voice sounded as amiable and gentle as it had always done. She had retired some time ago. I answered her in monosyllables that I tried not to render surly. I took a book and endeavored to read it. It was a book that one of the fractious and hot-headed employes of the factory had loaned me, and it was written by a notorious German anarchist, having been translated and published here.

Somehow its extreme and almost bloodthirsty arguments pleased my wretched mood. I read on and on, till it grew much later than I had any right to remain reading. If Annette would only call to me from the next room and offer some explanation! She must have seen that her silence had surprised and distressed me. But a little while before I closed my book I heard him in her room, her peaceful, slumbrous breathing. She had fallen asleep; she had forgotten, or perhaps she did not care.

I arose the next morning before she did. Thyrza always prepared breakfast. My sister gave a little recalling movement when she saw my pale face. Annette came into the room just as I was beginning to partake of breakfast. I forced myself to drink a cup of coffee and to swallow a certain amount of food. Both my life and Thyrza spoke while we all three sat together at the breakfast table, but I paid no heed to what they said. When I had risen and passed out into the hall, where my hat and overcoat were, I suddenly perceived that Annette had stolen out after me.

"John," she said, laying her hand on my arm and looking at me wistfully with her lovely eyes, "are you unwell this morning, or—or are you angry at me? Which is it?"

"Neither," I returned sullenly. Then, with a change of mood, I met her gaze in the most searching manner. "Annette," I said, "why have you refused to tell me more about that man with whom I saw you talking last evening?"

"I—I have not refused," she stammered. My lips curled. "You have not been cross-questioned," I answered, shaking off her hand as it lay on my arm. "And don't think that I shall cross-question you. That is not my style."

I turned away. I had already put on my overcoat. I reached out for my hat, and in doing so making a longer reach than this simple act required. Would she speak now?

But she did not speak. I wheeled about and faced her.

"Have you nothing to tell me?" I exclaimed; "nothing to make clear further than you have already done?"

"I—I can't tell you anything yet, John," she faltered, looking very miserable and crestfallen, "I—I never thought you could suspect wrong of me! I—I—thought—"

But there I turned on my heel and quitted the house, going to my work with an aching and burning heart.

I no longer had a shadow of doubt that she was false to me. Call it madly, wildly senseless if you will. I merely state the sad distressing fact.

That day the first active signs of the great Chicago strikes began to show themselves. At the factory we heard of how the railroad men were stubbornly and angrily throughing from work. A smoldering excitement prevailed in our own midst. Our employers had already sent out the most haughty and challenging answers with regard to taking back certain discharged men whom our union had demanded that they should treat more leniently. For myself, I felt a perfect devil of recklessness gaining possession of me. It seemed to me as if all the world were against me. I had never had a happy life: I had always deplored the doom of being born far below those gifts of fortune which thousands of others enjoyed. Annette had been such a star of hope and cheer to me! With her at my side I had grown to believe that I was richer in real happiness than all the opulent capitalists against whom I had been my mates from so bitterly.

I have never been a drinking man, but that night I went to a liquor saloon with a little crowd of our most warm-spirited discontented workmen. They drank and I drank with them. We left the saloon after staying there about an hour. My companions were bent upon making some personal appeal at the house of one of our employers. They meant worse than that, if persuasion failed. Riot was in their faces, their gestures. Would I go with them? The few drinks I had taken had set my brain on fire. Oh, yes, I would go with them! We sallied forth in a haphazard, devil-may-care group.

Conscience, not yet drowned by the liquor I had swallowed, whispered to me: "You are about to do the one foolhardy, futile act that you have always condemned and hated in others. You may regret this night through all the remainder of your thoughtful and sensible life-time. You have secretly called yourself a philosopher. Don't fling your own theories into the dust."

But I floated the appeal of conscience, as many a better man than I have done. I went onward with the evil and desperate throng.

We had scarcely gone the length of more than two streets when I happened to glance toward my right. And there, just in the shadow of a large, dark storehouse, closed for the night, I caught a glimpse of my wife's face, with the flicker of a street lamp full upon it.

I paused. The others went on. They had not noticed my act. They had nearly all drank more than I had dared to drink; and besides, their new, half-furious project was an added intoxication for them.

Annette was not alone. The same pale, good-looking fellow whom I had seen her part from last night stood near her now. She had taken both his hands in hers. She was looking at him with eyes full of sorrow and entreaty. I drew closer to them. They did not observe me. The streets were full of passers at this hour; war and rumor of war was everywhere.

I could presently hear each word that Annette uttered.

"Oh, I am so sorry for you!" she exclaimed. "I can't let you struggle on as you've been doing any longer! Danger is abroad now. You know how I've always clung to you and always shall! You were never so dear to me, either, as you are at this moment! No, no; you must consent to do what I ask! You—

Annette's words ended there. I had slipped up to the pair and laid one hand, with a grasp of steel, on her companion's coat collar. Annette gave a faint little cry, and then, as her eyes swept my face, she must have seen how set and livid it was. Perhaps she saw something there worse than either perturbation or pallor.

"My God, John!" she gasped. "Don't, don't hurt her! She—she is my sister!"

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CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

George raised his hat coldly to her as he came up; his face was stern and quiet, but there was none of the wild rage in it that had frightened her so terribly a few evenings before.

He was silent for a moment or two as he stood before her, and Adelaide's heart beat as if it would break from her bosom. Surely he must have heard its throbbing!

"I have been thinking over our last conversation, Lady Adelaide," he said at last, in a dull, cold voice; "indeed, I have thought of it without ceasing since I left you. I have racked my brains to devise a means for us to escape from this misery, but I have been unable to find one. I cannot forgive you; I——"

"George, George!" she cried, laying her hands on his arm, "you must forgive me!"

"What! Is it possible that you have some heart left still?" he answered, not angrily or contemptuously, but with genuine surprise. "Is it possible you care for my forgiveness?"

"I beg you to forgive me—here on my knees—and to let me go. I am——" she began.

"Ha, I understand!" he answered, with a sad smile; it is not my forgiveness you want; it is my forbearance! That I can understand."

His sarcasm did not wound her. She did not observe it.

"What good will it do you to ruin me?" she said, tearfully. "You used to be good and generous, George."

"Used to be! Ah, I was once a far, far better man than I am now, Lady Adelaide," he answered. "When I first knew you I could look the world in the face. I loved my neighbors, hated no man. As far as in me lay I did my duty to all. I didn't find it hard then to forgive and forget, but you have made it impossible to me! You have made me wicked and hard, as well as miserable! You have ruined me, body and soul!"

"George, do not speak so!" she whispered, recoiling from him; for his cold, despairing tone terrified her even more than his anger.

"How can I speak? How else could I speak?" he answered. "I am not like you, Adelaide; I cannot live a lie. If I let you go now—go, to live out your deceit—do you think that I could go forth into the world and do likewise? No! If I leave you, I go away to live a life of solitude. No wife will ever share my home—no children will ever bear my name. I shall be a lonely, miserable man forever!

She sobbed. His grief was so great, so terribly real, that even her heart was touched, yet, at the same time, a wild thrill of hope shot through it. He would yield. He would go away, and trouble her no more.

"I am sorry—so sorry!" she muttered.

"Sorry! Not for me, Lady Adelaide," he answered, sternly. "You fancy it is for me. It is only for yourself. Oh, I know the deceit and treachery of your heart well. If I were to be taken away to prison again—shut out from the world for the rest of my life from this moment—you would be glad, for you would escape! If I were to fall dead at your feet, you would be still more glad, perhaps, for then you would be free indeed! You are not sorry for me, Lady Adelaide. Do not say it."

"It is you who are cruel and unjust now," replied Adelaide, looking for the first time into his face, with her glorious eyes—that he had once felt could lead him on to do anything for her sake—full of tears. "Oh, George, if, by any act of mine, I could undo the past, believe me, I would do it! I swear it!"

"How much of the past?" he asked sorrowfully. "Our marriage, perhaps. I know it."

She turned away, and broke into bitter weeping. He let her weep on, his bosom heaving and his hands clasped tightly together.

"Adelaide, I have decided," he said at last.

"Yes!" she answered, in a low choked voice, and looking so wildly at him that he, too, felt moved.

"I cannot release you. Hush!"—as she attempted to speak—to implore him. "I mean I cannot legally release you. In reality you are, and ever will be, my wife; but"—and he paused—"I will spare you. You can go your way, and I will go mine. We will never meet again."

She sobbed convulsively, but did not reply.

"See here," he went on, putting his hand into his pocket, and taking out the marriage certificate—"here is the only proof of our marriage I possess. Once I treasured it beyond all things I possessed; now it is worse than worthless to me. Take it; burn it and destroy it, and go your way. Forget, if you can, that such a being as your miserable husband, George York, lives."

He held out the paper. Adelaide took it without a word. One moment he paused, then turned away and left her.

She was saved—free! She could hardly believe it—hardly realize that the great terror that had made her life a burden to her for so many years was quite removed. Her marriage need never haunt her now. She would in time learn to believe it had never taken place—that she had but dreamt it in a horrible dream.

George had given her her liberty. He would trouble her no more.

She crushed the paper tightly in her hand, and turned to retrace her steps. It was nearly dark, and the path was slippery, her footsteps were uncertain, and she had to proceed slowly. She heard, or imagined she heard, a rustling in the bushes behind her. Was George following her? Again fear of him filled her heart, and she hurried on.

The moon had risen, and just as she reached the stream, its pale, watery beams shone out as the wind blew away the thick clouds that had covered it.

She paused.

Surely she heard a footstep!

"Well, what then? No one would harm her.

The moonlight glanced and glittered on the rushing stream. The little bridge looked frailer and narrower than ever. The mist and damp had congealed and frozen, and the handrail was covered with a hoar-frost, and the narrow foot-board was slippery with a coating of ice.

Her hand shook and her heart trembled as she set foot on it.

Slowly and cautiously she took a step or two then paused, looked up, started and slipped backward, and, with one wild, piercing shriek fell into the foaming torrent below.

"Adelaide, my God!" cried an agonized voice the voice of the duke, for it was he on whom Adelaide's eyes had fallen, and who had caused her to start and lose her footing and in an instant more he would have plunged into the river, but so—one was beforehand with him.

George had followed Adelaide to the river's edge, and, as she fell, had plunged into the stream from the other bank to rescue her.

It was a hard struggle he had. The current was strong; the river's bed filled with rocks. Adelaide's heavy cloak pulled her down, and was a dead weight on him, too; fatigued, bleeding and panting, he at length drew her insensible form from the foaming water.

She neither spoke nor moved.

"Adelaide! speak—speak!" cried the duke, in an agony, whilst, with George's assistance, he undid the heavy cloak and chafed her cold hands. "Ha! blood!"

And he drew away the hand that was supporting her head, dyed with a crimson stream.

Two men, attracted by the shriek of Lady Adelaide, now arrived, and she was carried back to the castle.

At the door was the doctor's carriage. He had called to see the earl.

"This way—this way, for Heaven's sake!" cried Almadale, as he came out.

And by a side door the duchess was carried into the castle.

She scarcely breathed.

Hour after hour passed, and there was no improvement in her condition.

The wound in her head was fatal. The cruel rocks had beaten the life out of her and before midnight all was over.

The duke was stunned by his sudden loss, and by the terrible form death had assumed in this case. His wife—so young, so beautiful!—to be thus suddenly snatched from life. He could hardly believe it.

The earl was frantic. As far as he could love he had loved his child and been very proud of her, and he felt the loss of her keenly. As to Aunt Cicely, if Adelaide had been her own child, she could not have been more miserable at her loss.

It was days before the duke was sufficiently master of himself to attend to any matters. He had never alluded to the man who had rescued Adelaide from the water, nor asked his name, and it was not till the funeral was over, and Adelaide's remains were laid in the family vault at Almadale, that he remembered to inquire, and then his conscience rebuked him for his remissness.

If he had saved her, to him she would have owed her life; and had it not been for the jagged rock on which she fell, doubtless he would have saved her. Anyhow, he had risked his own life to save hers, and had not even been thanked.

When he returned to Yardly, inquiries were made. Only the two men who had hastened at once to the Adelaide assistance had seen George; for as soon as they had neared the castle, he had left them.

"It was George Yorke, your Grace," said the steward, of whom the duke made inquiries. "George Yorke. He about whom there has been great talk lately. Who was sent to penal servitude and then released."

"Ah! I remember," said the duke sadly.

And he thought as he said the word of how greatly his tender-hearted darling had been interested in young George Yorke years ago.

"Yes," said Aunt Cicely, sobbing when she heard it; "and to think none of us have even thanked him!"

"That must be remedied at once. I must go and see him this very day," said the Duke.

"I—I fear, your grace—" began the steward.

"What?" asked Almadale, in surprise.

"You won't be able to see Mr. Yorke, your grace. He's up at the Home Farm, I hear, dangerously ill—typhoid fever, I hear."

"Poor fellow! Well, if there is anything we can do for him, it must be done, Evans; and when he is well, I must think how I can reward him for his courage. She—the duchess took a great interest in him, and was kind to him in their childhood, I believe."

"Yes, your grace," replied the man.

And no more was said at that time about George Yorke.

Meanwhile, George Yorke lay on his bed of sickness, hovering in an unconscious fit of what was taking place around him. The shock, the terror, the fearful strain on his nerves had been too much for him, and nature had given way at last. He had staggered back to the Home Farm that night, after looking his fill on Adelaide's insensible form, wet, bruised, chilled to the bone, and had been seen admitted by Farmer Hollingford in a worse plight than on the evening of his return, and utterly unable to give an account of what had happened.

The Hollingfords heard of it the next day, and knew that George had risked his life to save the earl's daughter; but George had forgotten it all. He raved and muttered in hopeless delirium, with Patience, or her mother beside him and attending to his needs, whilst the Castle was changed into a house of mourning, and the body of her who had been his wife in name was carried far away to its last resting-place.

CHAPTER XII.

Winter had passed away, and summer had returned. The skies were blue and soft; the air warm and balmy; the hedgerows were filled with wild roses and honeysuckle, and a thousand wild flowers enameled the turf.

The Home Farm, with its thatched roof and long, low windows, round which clustered sweet jessamine and passion-flowers, looked at its best. The garden was all aglow with color, and the scent of white pinks, mignonette and lavender, filled the air.

Under the big mulberry tree to the left of the house, in the center of the grass plot, well sheltered from the rays of the sun, sat George Yorke and Patience Hollingford. George was still reckoned an invalid, though, to judge from appearance, he was, if an invalid still, certainly on the high road to recovery. His face had lost the wan, anxious expression that it had worn before his illness, and his mouth its set firmness; it was softer and gentler now, and the dark eyes were calm and (if sad) peaceful.

"You take too much care of me, Patience," he said, as Patience, looking bright and blooming in her pretty blue chintz dress, handed him a cup of fresh milk. "I must begin to leave off being coaxed and coddled, and return to my old ways and habits."

"Not yet," she answered, with a half-entreating smile. "You must remain under my care a little longer, George."

"Why, you speak as if you would be sorry to get rid of me, Patience; but I must have been a terrible trouble to you all these months," he answered.

She looked uneasy.

"You have been no trouble to any one," she answered, with a smile and then a sigh. "Indeed," she answered, trying to laugh, "I should feel quite lost without you, George; and——"

"And I should be quite lost without you, Patience, my sweet, kind, dear nurse!" he replied, and took her hand in his. "How can I ever thank you enough, Patience, for all your goodness to me?"

"There is nothing to thank me for," she answered, drawing away her hand shyly. "As I said, it has been a pleasure to me the little I've done for you, and doing it has been a happiness to me."

"Have you really been happy?" he said, looking full into her truthful eyes.

"Very happy," she faltered, her eyes sinking beneath his gaze.

He was silent a few moments.

"Oh, if it were possible—if I only could," he murmured to himself.

Patience looked up in surprise.

"Possible. What is it you cannot do, George?" she asked.

"Tell you my secret—all my past, Patience," he said, in a low voice.

"And why dare you not tell me?" she asked, her bosom beating painfully.

"Because I am afraid of losing your friendship—your good opinion—your——"

"You will never lose my friendship, George," she answered, "and I do not believe you can have done anything to forfeit my good opinion."

"I hardly know," he answered—"I hardly know what you may think of me when you know all."

There was silence between them for some minutes. Then George spoke again:

"I must tell you—I must learn my fate, and if you bid me go I will leave you and live out my life alone."

She looked up into his face with a beautiful light in her eyes.

"George, do not tell me—do not say anything. I think—I am sure—I know part, if not all, your secret. If I don't know all do not tell it me. I trust you and honor you. I know you would never do anything disgraceful."

Her perfect trust in his rectitude almost overcame George. Did he deserve it? He shook his head sadly.

"I did one wrong action. Patience, and oh! misery it brought me!"

"But the misery is over now," she said, softly.

"That depends," he replied, "that depends on what your verdict is when you have heard my story, and I haven't treated you kindly. I know, whatever you may think of me now, that once—once—oh! Patience, I was untrue to you, and I know it gave you pain, unworthy though I was of any place in your regard. When I think of it now I feel a wretch—a brute! I feel that you must despise me!"

The tears were standing in her blue eyes.

"George," she answered, faltering, "you did pain me; I own it. I saw it, though no one else did, that you loved——"

She could not speak the name, and turned away to hide her tears.

"I did not change, though," she murmured, so low that George just caught the words.

He longed to take her in his arms at that very moment and tell her he loved her now far, far more dearly than he had ever loved her before, but he refrained.

"You are right, dear," he said; "you have half my secret. Now let me tell you the whole.

But Patience shook her head, and put her little hand before his mouth.

"I will not hear—do not tell me!" she cried. "Whatever it may be, it can make no difference to me."

"Then am I to leave you, Patience?" he asked.

"Leave me!" she cried, in sudden terror. "George, what do you mean?"

"If you will not listen to me, how can I ever obtain your pardon for the past—your love and respect for the future! You are my one hope, Patience! With you to love me, my life will be happy; I shall forget the past! I love you! how dearly! If you send me from you, you send me to despair!"

"George," she answered, "I do love you, and I trust you, too! That is why I don't want you to tell me your secret. Let it be buried for ever; let us never speak of it again."

"Patience," he replied, "would it be right—would it be?"

"Quite right, I am sure of it," she answered earnestly, looking again into his eyes with such perfect love, and trust and devotion that George hesitated no longer; but, stooping over her, kissed her sweet lips, and the wretched past slipped like a heavy burden from his shoulders, to be buried in oblivion forever.

Blithely caroled the birds, brightly shone the sun; the rooks flew cawing about in the elm trees, and the cows came home to the yard; yet George and Patience still sat beneath the mulberry tree, unconscious of how time was passing.

At length Mrs. Hollingford's shrill voice roused them.

"Patience, Patience! where be' ye, lass? The cows are home and milked! Come and help me in the dairy!"

"Nay, mother, I'll help ye," said the farmer's good-natured voice. "I'll sit old Gilbert by the door here in the sun, and we'll leave Patience to look after the sick man."

"Sick man! grumbled Mrs. Hollingford, with a chuckle in her eye, however, that showed she was not seriously put out, "Ah! here they be! He don't look much like a sick man now, farmer, I'm thinking!"

Nor did he. Never had George looked happier than he did as, with Patience's hand in his, he suddenly stepped up to the spot where the three old folk were gathered together.

"George and Patience!—George and Patience!" chuckled old Gilbert, as he saw them. "I'll bring her home some day yet, he will, mark my words, farmer; and a sweeter lass than Patience don't step!"

"Right you are, father!" cried George, putting his arm round Patience; "and, with her father's and mother's leave, I'm going to bring her home at once, old man! What do you all say to that!"

"Good boy! Good boy!" laughed the old man; whilst Farmer Hollingford threw up his hat with a hearty "Hurrah!" and Madame clasped her hands and laughed with delight.

"Well, George," she said, "you were a pretty time making up your mind! Never mind, then, Patience, child; never look so shy, but come and kiss me. This is the best piece of news I've heard this long and many a day!"

And when summer and autumn were over, and the harvest was all gathered in, George and Gilbert returned to the Manor Farm, and Patience with them. The marriage took place in October, and, after a few days passed in London, George Yorke and Patience came back to Yardly and settled down to their quiet, happy life in the country.

It was several years later—long after old Gilbert had gone to his rest in the church-yard; and when George and Patience's eldest boy was seven years old, and his sister, a pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed child of five—that George and the Duke of Almadale met again.

Lord Hetherington had died, and the duke came down to the castle shortly afterwards to help Lady St Quentin in the management of her affairs.

He was accompanied by a sweet, gray-eyed little woman, his wife and two baby sons. The present duchess is not to be compared to the first in point of good looks nor birth. She is the daughter of a poor country clergyman, but she is so sweet and lovable that everyone adores her, and the duke positively worships the ground she treads on. He is glad to get away from Yardly, however, for it reminds him of his first wife and her tragic end.

"Poor thing!" he thinks, with a sigh. "She died young, and somehow I don't think she was half as happy with me as Agatha is."

Lady St. Quentin still lives at the castle; the present Lord Hetherington, her nephew, prefers Homburg and Monaco to Yardly, and allows his aunt to live at the castle as much as she pleases. She leads a lonely life, and often looks back to the past, when she was a gay woman of fashion, with a sigh, but she is not without friends.

She is kind and charitable to the villagers, and they all like her; and she is friendly with the farmers round about, and often condescends to drop in and look at Mrs. Hollingford's dairy, or Mrs. Manuel's prize fowls; but amongst all her village acquaintance there is not a couple she likes so well, or who seem to her so happy as Patience and her husband, Bonnie George Yorke

THE END.

A Common Humanity.

To steal a kiss is wrong, I know it;
Judges there are who would decree
Offenders should be made to show it,
Submitting to some penalty,
But given a drive, moonlit, forsaken;
One girl, not stern, warm, alight, bright face,
One man, not wooden; and now, taken—
Well, what would you take in his place?

So then, his guiltlessness declaring
As we the provocation note,
I gather from your lofty bearing
A crime you count it to provoke.
But I would justify the woman,
As you the man did, nothing loth,
And make the plea of being human
Do duty in the case of both.

Old Gentleman (to a very rich old lady at a party—Who is that handsome young man standing over there? Old Lady—That's my son-in-law. He's a very brilliant young man—made a large fortune by the law. Old Gentleman—Indeed! How's that? Old Lady—The law made him my daughter's husband.

The Dear Old Times.

Ah, yes, the quiet life they used to lead in those days sitting before the dear old open fireplace, with the great back log smouldering—all conducive to tender thoughts and romantic attachments. But—

—no one has ever mentioned the dear old blow-downs they used to have from that dear old fire-place.

"Ah, Adolphus!" she murmured, "I fear I am not worthy of you; you are so good." "Never mind, darling," he said, tenderly, "wait till we're married."

SOLID COMFORT.

HOW TO GET IT.

As I'm sitting by the fireside
My thoughts do backward wander
'Tis not so very long ago
That time on which I ponder,
A year ago, how changed things were,
I had no fireside of my own
Was broken down and in despair,
A stranger friendless and alone.

Although so very short a time
Has passed since I took second
On every comfort, all my own.
As nice a house as could be found,
A handsome stove and carpets rich
On parlor floor and stairs,
Splendid pictures, hanging lamps,
Extension table, easy chairs.

And on the hall tree over there
Clothing thick and warm I see,
A fur trimmed coat with cap to match
And all belong to me.
In fact I have just all I want,
House furnished well right through
And if you want to get the same
I'll tell you what to do.

There's many to-day without a home,
Although this need not be,
You all can get one of your own
If you but do the same as we.
Walker, the Public Benefactor,
Offers to you, one and all,
A home complete, and winter clothing
On Weekly Payments that are small.

Why go into furnished rooms when you can get all that is necessary to start house with for a very small outlay. Money can be saved by taking advantage of our instalment plan. Get all you want at one time, and pay for it afterwards, by weekly or monthly payments. House furnishings of every description and first-class ready-made clothing can be had in this way at ordinary cash prices.

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My Sweetheart.

She is not beautiful, I know—
Perhaps she isn't even pretty;
And sure, no man alive could call
Her either clever, wise or witty.

She's but a modest little maid,
And dowered with few of Nature's graces
Yet for one smile from her I pass
Unmoved by all the fairer faces.

Her eyes are blue and bright, and yet
I must confess I've seen eyes bluer,
And brighter, too; but ne'er a heart
That's fonder, tenderer or truer.

Her face, her form, her ways belike
From rigid standards make defection;
Where others most would criticise
'Tis there my eyes most find perfection.

Her voice is not all music, no,
Nor is the dance her foot the fleetest;
And yet, somehow, of all sweet girls
My little sweetheart is the sweetest.

Within my heart, high-pedestalled,
She sits supreme—but God above her;
She rules my life, I know not how
Nor why, I only know I love her.

A Novel Christmas Tree Festival.

"At the Christmas tree at the Episcopal church Wednesday evening," says an Kingston paper just received, "there was a very novel and pleasant surprise for the children as well as for their elders. The tree was a large pine extending to the ceiling of the church. In front of it stood an immense cloth screen, so that it was impossible to see anything except the top of the tree. There was great curiosity on all hands to know the reason of this, and all were on the qui vive. When the large audience had assembled the screen was removed and the body of One-Eyed Smith, the noted horse thief, was seen hanging to the largest limb. The sight was met with deafening applause, after which the rector explained that Smith had been lynched to the tree by the Willing Workers' Vigilance Committee. The most laughable part was yet to come, however, when, after the presents had been distributed to the little folks by Col. Sandy McCracken, superintendent of the Sunday school, the members of the Bible class stepped forward and cut down Smith, and the colonel read the name of Dr. James H. Endicott, our efficient county coroner. This gentleman expressed his thanks for the gift in a few well chosen words, and immediately empaneled a jury, which brought in a verdict that the deceased came to his death by 'suicide in self-defence.' Take the whole affair together, it was the most happily conceived and felicitously carried out of anything of the kind which ever happened in our midst."

Knox

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A CALL SOLICITED.

It Often Comes This Way.

He was leaning against the lamppost and the watchful policeman came up very respectfully. "Fine night, Mr. Jones." "Boot'ful." "You're out rather late, ain't you?" "No, no—about my usual time." "Are you waiting for somebody?" "No, no—going home. A little tired, that's all; a little tired." "I'll walk down with you and see you to your door." "Thank you, thank you, but there's no need. The other side of the street will be around this way in a moment, and I'll just pop in when my door comes along. Thank you. Good night."

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AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

A House Party in Spain.

For Saturday Night.

What kind of people do you like? If you were going to have a house party and had the world to choose from with a placid assurance that every invitation would be accepted, whom would you invite? I am not giving house parties nor indeed parties of any kind, neither do I feel like attending any. The last one I was at bored me to death, and I no doubt helped to make boredom the chief feature of the evening. I never could dance. When I was young I was tall and thin and had to stoop over my partner in order to clutch some available spot when I clung to her in the waltz or galop. I always felt that the least thing would make me topple over, and when I got safely through a dance I could hardly straighten up. Now that I am beginning to feel the frosts of forty—for frosts do begin to nip at forty—and people jokingly call me Mr. Adipose Tissue, the most beautiful face and winning smile could not coax me on to the floor, which always seems to me to creak and sway and teeter and groan as my sprightly step glides my 220 lbs. avoir. over its waxen surface.

*

I go to dinners sometimes, and sit for three or four hours with bad cooking in front of me, stupidity on each side, and the consciousness within that I'm doing exactly the right kind of thing to make my already expansive waistcoat too small for me. Next day I feel stupid and sleepy, and the figures in my cash-book stare at me as if they belonged to another world, and the written lines look like rows of old maids wall-flowering here and there in a half-lighted room. And even my ears are so bilious that in them sounds the drone of the stupid half-whispers, the rattle of the knives and forks, and scurrying of waiters around the table of the night before.

*

But if I stay at home someone comes up to my room and bores me there, while the laws of hospitality will not permit me to go to bed or throw him out into the hall. If nobody comes I smoke till I want a drink, and read till I want to sleep. But the moment I go to bed I want to read, and reading I want to smoke. Or if I try to think I begin to remember, and that makes me want to smoke. But even smoking will not comfort an old bachelor, whose thoughts have drifted back to the days when he dwelt with joy.

*

Just about then I make the disagreeable discovery that even my own refined and select society is tiresome to me, and I wish some one would come in and interrupt my tete-a-tete with myself. How often I have hailed with joy the incoming of some empty-head who would destroy a couple of hours and three or four of my best cigars while telling me about his girl or bragging about his relations.

*

I am in one of these pleasant humors, utterly disgusted with my own society, but not yet reckless enough to wish for any idiotic visitors. The bright fire in the grate has burned long enough to be full of castles, the title deeds of which are registered somewhere in Spain. I have been a gay cavalier in these ancestral halls for a thousand nights, and twice a thousand times I have crossed the drawbridge that spans their shallow moats, with a bride—the fairest "Ladye of ye lande."

*

A few nights—perhaps half a score—I have rollicked through the corridors playing hide-and-seek and blind man's buff with youngsters that called me "pa-pa," but I could never see their faces, and the castle always fell and was buried in ashes before I could catch the flitting fairies of my fancy. Half a score did I say? perhaps two score times the silly fancy came—I will not confess to more—that I would like to see youngsters of my own galloping on the arms of my chair and leaving finger prints on my shirt-bosom, and doll baby clothes in my pockets.

*

But if I were to have a house party, whom would I ask? My castle is large, and my retainers many. The forests are full of game, and over the heath and through the gorse coveys of birds rise with every rustle of the sportsman's step. In my cellars butts of wine and hogsheads of ale, covered with cobwebs and thick with the dust of many years, are waiting to be tapped. A hundred guests' chambers are ready; the grand rooms and lofty corridors wait only for their visitors. The horses are pawing in their stalls; the dogs baying in their kennels. Why do I delay?

*

Having a grand castle, of course I must make up my party of grandees! Certainly! Shall I ask Queen Victoria? No—no matter what her raiment, she is always in mourning, and seems to be the most joyless woman in the world; and I suppose she would want to talk to me about the virtues of the dear departed Albert, and reminiscences of that sort are the ghostliest entertainment one could have. I suppose I'll have to bid the Prince of Wales or some of the royal family! But the members of the royal family aren't jolly, excepting the heir-apparent, and he is lively after such a queer sort, perhaps some of my lady friends will refuse to come if he is here, for fear they might get talked about. If the Duke of Edinburgh should accept and bring his Russian wife that would settle it as far as fun is concerned, for she is the most disagreeable woman who has yet been imported to marry one of our princes.

*

Should I ask the eldest son of the Prince of Wales it would make trouble for rumor says he is sulky and shy, though with a marked preference for married ladies. Eugenia, the ex-Empress of France, won't do, because she's broken-hearted and thinks of nothing but the boy she lost in Zululand. People would laugh if Pion-Pion came. He tries to be kingly and makes himself absurd by working the king business like an advertising fakir.

*

There's my old friend William, Emperor of Germany, he is too old; he can't remember dates, and would probably forget when I wanted him to come. The Crown Prince would do, but he has a cancer or something in his throat which has to be cut out every few days. The Queen of Spain has to stay home and attend to her baby, watch the Republicans, and keep Don Carlos from usurping the throne. The Emperor of Austria, the kings of Italy and Greece have so much to do girding on their armour and watching their line fences, there is no chance of them being able to leave home, and probably the Czar wouldn't take any chances of being scattered into ten counties by a dynamite bomb for the sake of attending a house party where the cook might be hired by the Nihilists to poison him. Grover Cleveland is too busy laying pipe for his re-election to spend a week with me just now, and his handsome wife could not leave her dearie for fear he might be rude to some of the reporters. Of course I don't want any Battenbergs, Kaffir princes or South American potentates. They eat onions and probably flirt with the chamber maids and scandalize the company. The Archbishop of Canterbury would overawe us and Gladstone would probably insist on talking on Home Rule, and the peers and peeresses would put on too many airs to suit that section of society, I will have to invite or else slight all my old friends. And one would have to have some one he knows or be a stranger in his own house! Henry Ward Beecher would have been a jolly fellow to have, he had a big heart in him, but he is dead. Come to think of it how many of my old friends are dead—friends who could so well have enjoyed this castle with me. I suppose I could ask Canon Farrar, Baron Tennyson and Swinburne and Rev. Dr. Hall and Mr. Talmage. But they would argue religion and lecture the ladies for wanting to dance. Yes and likely enough they would pack their grips if they had to sit at the same table with Ellen Terry, Lilly Langtry and some of the other theatrical ladies who would be awfully jolly company if the rest of the party wouldn't sneer at them as "play-acting people." It wouldn't do to have them all actors and actresses for I, not being one of their set, would feel like a super trying to act as stage manager.

*

I've been thinking an hour and my castle has taken a hundred shapes. But the longer I think, the more I see that if I want to have a good time and have my guests enjoy themselves, my house party must be made up from one set, and that too the narrow circle of my own acquaintance. But what pleasure would there be in a house party made up of that crowd, for can't I go and see them dance and eat every night the whole season long? What would it profit me to have them penned up in my castle where I couldn't escape from them even for an hour. Now I can take a rest from them when I please! They couldn't appreciate the society of poets, and artists, and statesmen, and princes, and literary men. That reminds me that neither could I, except as I enjoy the art of the actor while he struts on the stage and I sit in an orchestra chair and examine his make-up and criticise his lines.

*

How narrow the world is! How small a section of it must suffice us, even if we have wealth and castles! How few people we can know and how worthless are the friendships we most aspire to.

*

Who, then, shall I have at my house party? They must be those who will not despise their host, and that their host will not despise——. But my castle is sinking; its towers and turrets have crumbled until they most resemble a cottage roof. Yes, and there are the little latticed windows with the morning glories climbing over the casement! I will hold my house party there!

*

But whom will I invite? Not the Jones! No, no! I've had enough of the Jones for this winter. Nor the Smiths. Heaven preserve me from any more Smith! Nor the DeLanceys; nor the Hazeldeans; nor the Morlands. Good Lord preserve me from a down-at-the-heel aristocracy! Nor the McBrasseys, nor the Highrollers, nor the Skyflyers! Kind Providence free us from the big head of sudden riches!

*

Whom then will I have? There's Laura—pretty, dainty little Laura—Dick's sister. What a stupid Dick is! But I can endure his society night after night, so long as he doesn't talk of any one but his sister. I can't think of any one else; I can invite no one except Dick and his sister, and then it would be strictly on the understanding that Dick shouldn't come, or if he came, he shouldn't keep hanging around Laura and me the way he generally does when I go to see her. How the coal seems to gleam inside that lattice window! It must be from the fireplace, and those shadows so close together must be Laura and I sitting talking silly but satisfactory things which never tire me when with her. I like her. The nicest house party I can think of would be Laura with —— maybe —— perhaps ——. I wouldn't mind a cradle and a high chair, or something of that sort, to give us something to think about except ourselves.

*

Funny, isn't it? that I'm forty years old, and this is only the second or third time I ever thought of such a thing. You laugh! Don't laugh—'pon my word it isn't over the fourth or fifth time at most!

*

Do you say that I had already confessed to twenty such visions? Well, I guess it's a man's privilege to be slightly contradictory when he's talking to himself.

*

When I have a house the party shall consist of myself and a party of the second part—or more likely she will be the party of the first part, while I will take serious chances of becoming a said party of even the fifth or sixth part. And even—the thought makes me sign and my heart half—even this simple little house may have to be—in Spain.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

St. John's Lodge "At Home."

The St. John's Lodge At Home of Friday, February 3rd, was one of the most successful and enjoyable ever held in the Masonic Hall, it was, in fact, an At Home, and all so felt it, the elder members of the lodge with their families were there to meet the younger, and the committee did their utmost, and did it well, to show their visitors that Masons know how to entertain in their handsome suite of lodge rooms. The portraits (life size) of all the Grand Masters are always an interesting feature to visitors. How strange that Toronto alone has these portraits, even grand lodge itself cannot boast of one. The musical portion was of high merit, and was appreciated by the visitors. The dance music, Marciano's full band, was good; the floor, covered with canvas, was excellent for the dancing, and all of the guests thoroughly enjoyed that portion of the programme. The dresses of the ladies were pretty and striking. The W. M., W. Bro. Kerr, received his guests with a few words of welcome, introducing R. W. Bro. E. T. Malone, D. D. G. M., to those present. R. W. Bro. Bernard Saunders, P. D. D. G. M., as chairman of reception, paid every attention to the guests, assisted by R. W. Bro. F. J. Menet, P. D. D. G. M. R. W. Bro. W. Simpson had charge of the music, and Bro. J. E. Knox the floor, in which he was ably assisted by members of St. John's. The refreshment room was open all the evening, and served by Webb in his usual good style. It was well said, we, the guests, left the room "Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again."

Literary Notes.

Cricket Across the Sea.—This is a thoroughly readable book. There is not a halting line from cover to cover. If we might be permitted to hazard a guess, the two "vagrants" who are responsible for its appearance are G. G. S. Lindsey and Dyce Saunders. To the uninitiated it may be said, that within these pages may be found the story of The Gentlemen of Canada, whose cricket tour through the British Islands last summer was brought to a most successful issue. Lovers of the noble game will recognize the names of old friends on every page. Do we not know them so well? Have we not admired them from afar? Have we not gazed a thousand times on the form of W. W. Vickers, Herculean Dyce Saunders and Gypsy Wally Jones? Are not the dragoon swagger of the martial Dickson and the 'osay stude of pleasant Bob Shanly ever before our admiring view? Yea! from the general manager down to the eloquent "Shrimps," the reader can have nothing but kindly thoughts of one and all.

*

Whilst the book makes no claim to literary style, nevertheless it contains more of that unknown quantity than many a volume of greater pretensions. From our point of view it has been weighed in the balances and has not been found wanting. Every cricketer could not be on the team last year, but every cricketer may enjoy the next best thing—a perusal of the pages of Cricket Across the Sea.

*

Toronto Home Knowledge Association, 114 Bay street.—The Home Knowledge atlas published by the above association has just been issued from the press, and is one of the most complete works of the kind ever offered in the Dominion. This work supplies, long needed, a complete atlas of the Dominion, and contains really fine maps of Ontario, the North-West and the other provinces. In addition to these maps it contains much interesting and valuable matter of an historical and statistical nature pertaining to our own country. The general maps of the world are very full and complete, and those of the ancient world, and those of Europe, England, Scotland, etc., showing the various and different political changes, are very valuable and will be found of special interest to the student. The atlas contains over 400 pages, and is handsomely and substantially bound in cloth. This work is not for general sale, but is supplied to members of the association only.

*

The Freemason's Pocket Book, a complete and valuable masonic directory for Canada, is just out. It is published by George J. Bennett, of the *Telegram*, Grand Registrar of the Grand Lodge of Canada.

*

Mona's choice. By Mrs. Alexander.—The sudden loss of her grandmother's fortune induces Mona to accept an offer of marriage from Leslie Waring, though she loves some one else. By a sacrificing herself, she will save her grandmother, who, however, dies just before the marriage. Mona then breaks off her engagement.—*National Pub. Co.* 30c.

*

In a letter which that brilliant author has just sent to one of his American friends, Mr. H. Ryder Haggard says that he has no intention of visiting this country on a lecturing tour, and that he has given no lecture managers any encouragement that he would do so. His literary work takes up all the time which he is not compelled to give to his law business; and even so comfortable a sum as five hundred dollars a night would not, he says, compensate him for taking to the platform.

Anyone in Number Four?

Did you ever meet a genuine drummer in a country town?

They own it.

When he reaches the best hotel there he is met by the landlord on the front porch, his valises are carried into the office and set behind the office counter, and as he scratches his name in a "Spinner autograph" on the register the landlord stands by in admiration.

"Any one in No. 4?"

The host looks vexed, then apologetically says: "You see, County Court's goin' on, and the Judge's got No. 4, but I'll change him. Tom, move the Judge's things up to the front room over the office, make a fire in four, take Mr. McCullum's things there an' fix the tables in the sample room. Johnny, bring up some apples an' a pitcher of cider. What's new, Mr. McCullum?"

And then the drummer tells where all the other boys are, gets the next best room saved for another drummer, who is due to come in from Lebanon that night, and, after he has washed up, he puts in half an hour before the office fire eating apples and spinning highly spiced yarns for the citizens that gather about delighted.

What does he want for supper? The pretty dining-room girl blushes as she asks him at the table—best seat in the dining-room, at the landlord's private family table—"Will you have fried steak, lamb chops, cold roast beef, ham and eggs, baked or fried potatoes, tea o' coffee?"

The drummer orders the outfit and then picks out the best. After tea he is in his glory. He visits Jones at his store, inquires about the baby, jokes every clerk, until each one is ready to swear the stock in his department needs replenishing. Then he tells stories about the stove, plays the mouth organ with mocking-bird trills, sings an Irish dialect song, buys the crowd five-cent cigars, and pretends to be mad because Jones doesn't sell "tenners."

The merchant knows that the drummer always brings trade, for the citizens that gather to hear the yarns and music buy finest cut or plug; some even load up on cider and cigars, and as they stay later than usual they buy a calico dress pattern to take home as a peace offering to Maria for "stayin' down to Jones' so tarnal late." Oh, it's a gala night for Jones when McCullum reaches that place on his sixty-days' trip.

But the versatile drummer is also a caterer in more than a pleasurable way. All through the fun and jokes he manages to throw out hints about new goods, business, late changes in prices, ideas of what is going to make a run this season. He also gives Jones a few pointers about the other merchants and what they are doing in the way of ordering. He produces a trick tobacco box that presents an inveterate chew-beggar with a shower of rank cologne or something of that sort, and, after thoroughly selling a junior clerk—never the boss—Jones wants it, and offers to buy it, just to fool the boys with. But, bless you, it is the only one McCallum has—except about a dozen in his valise—and he can't let his friend have it. Finally he weakens, makes Jones a present of it, indignantly waving aside the pay offered. Why, what would life be worth if we couldn't exist for our friends?

After a rousing yarn that sets every one roaring, he slips out and away to his hotel, where he meets Smith, who has just come from Lebanon. They have the parlor for a game of pinockle, and every regular boarder, tired jurryman and guest mutter audible cuss-words, toss and turn in their hard beds as the loud laughter of the convivial drummer comes stealing over the transom of their rooms, and they wish the drummers of the road were placed where fragrant daisies and untutored primroses could be plucked from the sward over their bodies.

But the drummer heeds them not.

It is different the next day, however. Last night it was pleasure, the next day it is business. He pins Jones down to a big order, works up his trade on all sides, loses his pleasant ways afterwards, berates the bus-driver, hurries up his dinner and takes the 1:10 for his next town.—*The Traveler.*

The Matinee Mashers.

Scene sketched from "Saturday Night" office windows, matinee time: The vulgar dudes and sickening mashers staring at the ladies.

Miss Innocence—What are these men waiting here for
Miss Strongmind—For someone to come along and teach them manners with a club.

DRESS SHIRTS

EVENING GLOVES

EVENING TIES

Full assortment in stock of White Dress Shirts, court front, one stud hole in front.

Dents' White and Lavender Gloves, one and two buttons, plain or white or black stitched backs, all prices.

Evening Ties all kinds.

WHEATON & CO.

17 KING STREET WEST

COR. JORDAN.

W. & D. DINEEN

FURRIERS,

OFFER FOR IMMEDIATE SALE FOR CASH:

Choice Sealskin Mantles, Ulsters.

WRAPS, CAPES, MUFFS, CAPS, &c.

ALSO A LOT OF FUR-LINED

CIRCULARS & SILK-TRIMMED WRAPS

And an Endless Variety of FURS of all kinds.

Beaver & Otter Capes & Muffs

TO MATCH.

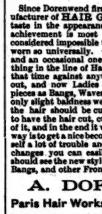
LONG BEARSKIN BOAS AND MUFFS.

Otter and Beaver Collars and Cuffs

AND

Beaver Trimming by the yard.

COR. KING AND YONGE STS.



DORENWEND'S

Grand Display

OF

HAIR GOODS

To the Ladies and Gentlemen afflicted with

Baldness, Thin & Gray Hair, Etc.

Since Dorenwend first appeared in this country as a manufacturer of HAIR GOODS, great advancement in good taste in the appearance of the hair has been made. This achievement is most gratifying. In years gone by it was considered impossible to introduce such goods as would be worn so universally. Only persons who were entirely bald and an occasional one whose hair was very thin wore anything in the line of Hair Goods. Great prejudice existed at that time against anything in this line but it rapidly died out, and now Ladies with good heads of hair wear such pieces as Bangs, Waves, Switches, etc., and Gentlemen with only slight baldness wear Toupees, etc. Style demands that the hair should be curly and wavy and it is very injurious to have the hair cut, curled and waved, it takes the life out of it, and in the end it will come out altogether. The simplest way is to get a nice becoming style of headdress and save yourself a lot of trouble and save your hair, and when the style changes you can easily change the headdress. Everyone should see the new styles of Ermine Pelts, Cleveland, Shingle Bangs, and other Frontpieces, Wigs, Toupees, etc., at

A. DORENWEND'S

Paris Hair Works, 103 and 105 Yonge Street

A BIG STOCK OF THEATRICAL WIGS, MAKE-UPS, ETC., ON HAND.

S. J. DIXON,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

Cor. Yonge and King Streets.

FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

THE YATISI CORSET

Is modeled from a design of one of the most celebrated Parisian makers. It gives the wearer that ease and grace so much admired in French ladies.

The Yatisi Corset, owing to the peculiar diagonal elasticity of the cloth, will fit the wearer perfectly the first time worn, no matter what her style of form is—either long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to lace tight and not feel uncomfortable at the bust or hips they are indispensible.

The Yatisi Corset does not stretch as the waist requires no breaking in, fits comfortably the first time worn. As it gives to every motion of the wearer, it will outlast any of the old-style rigid corsets.

The Yatisi Corset is made of the best materials, and being elastic (without rubber or springs), is invaluable for invalids, as it cannot compress the vital parts of the body. They are recommended by the most celebrated physicians in all the leading cities.

The Yatisi Corset is the only one that the purchaser can wear ten days and then return and have the money refunded if not found to be the most perfect-fitting, healthful and comfortable corset ever worn.

Every merchant who sells the Yatisi Corset will guarantee every claim made by the manufacturers, and refund the money to any lady who is not perfectly satisfied with the corset.

The Yatisi Corset is patented in Canada, Great Britain and the United States.

Every pair of Yatisi Corsets is so stamped and no other is genuine.

MANUFACTURED BY

THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

Trinity College Conversazione.

The members of Trinity college literary institute made elaborate preparations for their annual conversazione on Tuesday evening. The main hall was hung with curtains and draped with hangings of red, white and blue, which were put up under the directions of Mr. George Bousfield, while the whole was illuminated with the variegated and subdued light of many Chinese lanterns. The corridors, also, though they spoke eloquently in their worn appearance of the many feet that had come, trod their boards for a while and then departed forever, and of what they have to suffer when the gay and festive students are having orgies, looked their brightest, and wherever there was an available corner it was shaded with a curtain and furnished with two chairs, the purpose of which the tete-a-tete loving young people were not long discovering. Convocation hall was also beautifully decorated. The guests were received in the vestibule by the Provost and Mrs. Body. Until after nine o'clock load after load of guests arrived and took their seats in Convocation hall until it was filled to overflowing. The surplus amused themselves by strolling through the corridors, chatting in the vestibule, occupying the nooks I spoke of before, in the halls and library, and filling up their programmes for the dance which was to follow. The programme for the concert, which is described at length in the musical department, was undoubtedly an excellent one, but on account of the crowded condition of the hall it was impossible to hear it satisfactorily at the back of the room. After the programme was ended the dancing began, but here again the crowd was too great, making it exceedingly difficult to find partners when wanted. To relieve the pressure on Convocation hall, some danced in the vestibule to the music of a piano which was played by lady friends who kindly volunteered their services. The utmost cheerfulness prevailed, however, and the evening went off very pleasantly. The music was all that could be desired. About half past twelve o'clock the guests had all departed and left the boys of Trinity rejoicing at the success of their evening's entertainment.

There are a couple of suggestions which were made to me by friends on Tuesday night. The first is with regard to numerous uninvited persons, who forced themselves into the college and made themselves obnoxious, going so far as to invade the private rooms of the students. It is difficult to prevent this sort of thing. Next season this will probably be prevented by issuing single admission tickets, so that a squad of people will not be passed in together with no chance of finding out if everyone belongs to the invited party or not.

There is a general opinion that it would be much better if it were in fact a conversazione as it is intended to be. Good singers are not willing to come and be interrupted in their songs by the chatter of young folks who are engaging partners, and the dancing might well be omitted. SATURDAY NIGHT's suggestion concerning this matter pleased many of the students, and next year's programme will probably be arranged somewhat differently and so as to attract more maturity and be less of a young folks' merrymaking. Trinity knows how to treat her friends well and is always glad to make them welcome. This was clearly proven by the generous hospitality of Tuesday night.

The following gentlemen were the committee: E. C. Cayley, B.A., president; Chas. H. Shutt, B.A., secretary; F. S. Houston, treasurer; A. C. Bedford-Jones, librarian; D'Arcy Martine, curator; and Messrs. H. O. Tremayne, Stevenson, Bousfield, Lowe, H. H. Johnston, and Plummer.

Among those present were the following: Chancellor Allan, the Lord Bishop of Algoma, Rev. Professors Jones, Clark, Boys, Roper, the Rev. H. and Mrs. Symonds, Rev. John Langtry and the Misses Langtry, Rev. Richard Harrison, Rev. J. P. Lewis, Rev. T. W. Patterson, Rev. George Native, Rev. Septimus Jones, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Arnoldi, Mr. and Mrs. McMichael, Mr. and Mrs. Holmstead, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Oliver, Messrs. and the Misses Lighthourne, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Hague, Mr. and Mrs. Featherstonhaugh, Mrs. T. M. Martin, the Misses Martin, the Misses Givens, Mrs. Morgan, the Misses Morgan, Messrs. Morgan, Mr. W. T. Thompson and Miss Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Wedd, jr., Lieut. and Mrs. Cartwright, Mr. and Miss Vankoughnet, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Wood, Miss Wood, Major and Mrs. Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. Alf. Hoskins, Mr. Carleton Davies, Mr. C. J. Campbell, Miss Campbell, Mr. G. Mercer and Miss Adam, Mrs. Cole, Rev. C. E. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Bethune, Col. and Mrs. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Dykes, Miss Dykes, Mr. and Mrs. Goinlock, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Dr. and Mrs. Strathy, the Misses Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Wedd, the Misses Wedd and Mr. Webster, Dr. Krauss, Miss Playter, Col. and Mrs. Milligan, Miss Milligan, Dr. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Hewson Murray, the Misses Murray, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Col. and Mrs. Gray, the Misses Gray, Dr. and Mrs. Lowe, Miss Dover, Dr. and Mrs. Morson, the Misses Morson, Miss C. A. Elwell, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Shutt, Dr. and Mrs. Lough, Mr. Frank Cowan, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Harman, Miss Veals, Rev. T. Scott-Howard, Principal and Mrs. Dickson, Dr. Geike, the Misses Geike, Miss Grier, Miss Symons, the Messrs. Symons, Mr. and Mrs. J. Boyd, Rev. J. K. Powell, Mrs. Proctor, Mr. and Miss Horrocks, Mr. and Mrs. Wootten, Mrs. Kendrick, Rev. C. Caswall, Mr. A. C. F. Boulton, Dr. and Mrs. Moorehouse, Mr. C. P. Sparling, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Shutt and Miss Poynton, Mr. and the Misses Marling, Mr. and Mrs. Towner, Mr. J. C. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Munford, Rev. C. H. Short, Mr. F. F. C. Heathcote, Dr. Covernton, Rev. C. H. and Mrs. Ingles, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Lightbourne, Mr. and Miss Patriarche, Rev. W. F. Squire, Mr. G. N. Beaumount, Mr. C. T. Loewen, Mr. W. W. Jones, Mr. H. W. Church, Mr. N. F. Davidson, Mr. C. R. Hanning, Mrs. and the Misses Stow, Miss Morris.

A PARISIAN BABY SHOW.

Personal Items.

Mr. J. R. Donne of the Carabineers is the guest of his cousin, Mr. Reginald Thomas, at 102 McCaul street. Mr. Donne, having served for some years in India, is spending a portion of a year's leave in this country.

Mr. Colin Campbell has left Toronto for New York, and the latter city's gain is the former's great loss. He will always be remembered by the complimentary *sobriquet* with which he has been christened. I need not name it, as it cannot fail to be known to all who know him, or have seen him here. Many a fair friend and partner bewails his departure, and wishes him good luck in his profession in the capital of Yankeeland.

Mr. Pinhorn arrived this week from England for a long visit to his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr.

Club and Personal.

A very pleasant meeting of the Swiss club was held on Tuesday evening, at the residence of Mrs. J. T. Rolph, 244 St. George street. Among those present were noticed Mr. and Mrs. Carrick, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, the Misses Henderson, Miss Hattie Brown, Miss Simpson, Miss Kennedy, Mr. Peuchen, Mr. Mathews, Mr. Hickson, Miss Eva Kennedy, Mr. J. King, Mr. E. W. Cox, Mr. F. Morphy, Mr. See, Mr. A. Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, Mr. C. Townsend, Mr. Bradshaw, Mr. Gale, Miss Fitzsimmons and Mr. and Mrs. Scales. Professor Bohner played excellent music.

Mrs. Emerrett gave a pleasant party on Wednesday evening.

A Pink social, which is a pleasant and novel affair, took place on the evening of February 2, at St. Mark's Hall, Carlton West, under the auspices of the ladies of St. Mark's church, to whom all praise for a successful entertainment is accorded.

Mr. L. Moreland, superintendent Bradstreet's mercantile agency, St. Paul, Minn., is visiting his sister, Mrs. E. H. Gerry.

Edson J. Weeks, general agent New York Central and West Shore Railway, Buffalo, was in town on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

H. Bourlier, general western passenger agent Allan Line, has gone to New York for a few days' visit.

J. Francis Lee, commercial agent C. P. R., Chicago, arrived in town Thursday morning.

D. McNicoll, general passenger agent C. P. R., Montreal, was in town Thursday on business.

Mrs. R. Murray Dickson, of Bond street church choir, is staying at Tonawanda, N. Y., for the benefit of her health.

Tuesday, February 21, will witness what promises to be a very entertaining promenade concert at the Association hall. The proceeds are to be devoted to aid that most deserving institution the Ontario Depository for Ladies' Work, which should be more prominently brought under public notice. Miss Robinson and Capt. Geddes have kindly taken charge of the musical programme. Refreshments will be under the charge of Mrs. Bethune, Mrs. Chas. V. Temple, Mrs. Frank Arnoldi, and Mrs. Rankin. Flowers, Mrs. Boulton, Mrs. Kerr and Mrs. Banks. Other tables under the charge of Mrs. John Cawthra and Miss Campbell, Mrs. C. S. Gzowski, Mrs. Nesbitt and Miss Burn.

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

Frosts cannot wither nor blizzards stale the infinite variety of the pursuits of the amusement hunter of the capital. The man who shoots his game from the threshold of his own door is neither so keen nor so erudite a sportsman as he who goes far afield for his quarry. Therefore it is that the Ottawa bachelor or benedict who loves excitement and variety cannot afford to fold his hands or his feet either if he hopes to get there. I am largely moved to write in this strain by a contemplation of the events of the past week or ten days. The mercury has been engaged for the greater part of that time in a moderately successful attempt to hide itself in the bulb at the bottom of the thermometer. Nevertheless, the tobogganing, the skating, the snowshoeing or cutter-driving hath abated not. No amount of cold seems sufficient to drive the native into his domicile. Frost-nips are taken with greatest sang froid or sang chaud, or something of that sort. The night the premier formally opened the new slide of the Oshkosh tobogican club was bitterly severe, yet the hardy boys in their blanket coats and tuques paraded hundreds strong in the streets, and the "Old Man," who had just celebrated the seventy-third anniversary of his birth, was on hand and got on a tobogan and shot down the hill with the celerity of a star let loose from the firmament. "Come, Mr. Mackintosh," he said, just as he was about to step on the dizzy board, "come, sir, and I'll run you into Russell without opposition." The point of the witticism may be perceived when the intelligent reader knows that the Oshkosh slide has its head in the city of Ottawa and its feet in the county of Russell, and, moreover, that Mr. Mackintosh is the Conservative candidate for the vacancy in the county. The "Old Man's" toboggan ride has caused a lot of talk. It certainly was a plucky thing for a septuagenarian to undertake, not to mention the toilsome ascent which was necessary after the greased lightning descent had been enjoyed. Would Oliver Mowat get on a toboggan; or, to get down to younger men, would Carr wright or Blake? I would not. Yet it is with trifling human things like this that the old fox gains the confidence of the poultry. The members of the Oshkosh club were mixed politically before that night, now they are all rampant tories.

Another incident that impresses me with the ardour not to say imperviousness that characterizes the Ottawa amusement seeker is the amount of cold he can stand while paying his devotions to Thalia. I am no dead certain who Thalia was, but her name is printed on the curtain of our opera house here, and from representations I have seen of her, I opine she was premiere danseuse in some snide Lacedemonian legtacular piece. But this is all aside from the main motion. What I'm talking about is the case of chilled extremities that I suffered from while witnessing a performance by the Frankie Kemble company. I sat with a fur coat and cap on during the whole performance. How Miss Kemble and the other ladies of the company managed to keep their blood circulating while they were circulating about the flies in low necks and bare arms is a question. Certainly they could not keep their teeth from chattering, and Miss Kemble's plump shoulders were goose-fle-bed and blue with the bitin cair. The funny man's gags were all about the cold. The star's best notes, high C's, etc., were frozen as they sped from her lips. This is all owing to the parsimoniousness of Manager Ferguson. What he don't know about running a theatre would fill a large pocket-book. The audience may be surmised were light during the engagement. The public are all very mad about the management of the theatre, but not one word is allowed to appear in the newspapers about it. The management might take out the daily twenty liner and ruin the daring journal that made any howling remarks. SATURDAY NIGHT will be doing a service if it manages to wake Mr. Ferguson up.

A new private club to be called the union is being organized.

Lord Kerry and Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, sons of Lord Lansdowne, have left for England.

Mrs. W. A. Allan has issued invitations for a dance on Feb. 14th.

The Junilee snow-shoe club were entertained at Mrs. McCleveghan's last week.

Hon. Mr. Plumb, speaker of the Senate, will be accompanied by his daughter during his stay in the capital. She will dispense the speaker's hospitality during the session.

Arrangements are already being made for the annual ball of the Tache hill snow-shoe club.

INGERSOLL.

The Masonic conversazione (so-called), held in the Town Hall Thursday evening, February 2d, was without doubt the most brilliant event held here in years. The guests numbered nearly 400. Music was furnished by the 7th Battalion Band of London, under the leadership of Major Hiscou. The dancing commenced at 9 o'clock, and when the last of the thirty pieces on the programme was played daylight was peeping. Among the guests from a distance were the following:—Mr. R. N. Ball, Miss Brown, Mr. and the Misses Hood, Mr. and Miss Laidlaw, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. C. Martin, Mr. W. H. Martin, Mr. Wm. Norris, Mr. W. C. Noxon, Mr. W. B. Palmer, Mr. J. D. Patterson, Mr. and Miss Pattullo, Mr. and Miss Patterson, Mr. W. G. Perks, Mr. Alex. Rumsey, Mr. T. H. Webb, and Mr. and Miss White, of Woodstock; Mr. C. A. Bilan, Mr. W. C. and Miss Barron, Mr. F. Danks, Miss W. Danks, Mr. A. E. Fitzgerald, Mr. R. B. Hungerford, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Stone, Mr. C. Tune and Mr. W. Thompson, of London; the Misses Hunter of Beachville; Mr. R. A. Watts of Brantford; Mr. F. A. Brady of Montreal; Mr. C. Rees of Kingston; Miss Chadwick of Simcoe; Mr. Fred. C. Bond and Miss Maud McGregor of Galt; Mrs. T. H. Rooks of Brandon, Man.; Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Munro of Embro; Miss J. Wilson of Hamilton; Mr. J. D. Meehson of Strathroy; Messrs. C. Trudop, L. Merrill and F. Hillman, of Tilsonburg; Mr. and Mrs. A. McLaren of Stratford; Miss O'Reilly of Hamilton; Miss Gibson of Delaware; Miss Hamilton of Stratford; Miss Doyle of Detroit; W. Hunt of Beachville, and Miss E. Oliver of Port Huron. Among those present from town were Mr. M. Walsh, Mr. P. J., Mrs. and Miss Brown, Mr. J. C. and Mrs. Hefler, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Podmore, Mr. C. W. Riley, Mr. G. H. and Miss White, Mr. H. C. and Miss Walker, Miss McCaughey, the Misses Rumsey, Mr. Jas. Noxon, jr., Mr. H. C. Clinton, Mr. J. C. Hopkins, Mr. Geo. L. McDonald, Mr. W. A. and Miss Smith, Mr. James Brady and the Misses Brady, Miss O'Neil, Mr. A. D. and Miss Hoagg, Miss Oliver, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Ewart, Miss Thornton, Mr. Jas. and Miss Vance, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. L. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Jackson, Mr. C. T. Hoagg, Mr. J. O. Matheson, Mr. J. A. Shaw, Miss Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Underwood, Miss Flo. Bailey, Miss McKeller, Mr. and Mrs. H. O'Connor, the Misses O'Connor, Mr. H. H. Cragg, Mr. R. W. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. Richardson, Miss Galliford, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Slawson, Miss Ada Ferguson, the Misses Crotty, Miss Thompson, Miss Malcolm, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Thompson, Mr. Alex. and the Misses Choate, Mr. A. C. Patterson, and Mr. J. H. Hefler, jr. The most noticeable dresses were: Miss Pattullo of Woodstock, Nile green satin; Miss McCaughey, heliotrope watered silk and white lace; Mrs. C. C. L. Wilson, gaslight green watered silk and gauze; Mrs. J. B. Jackson, yellow and white striped satin train, with golden brown silk skirt; Miss Maggie O'Neill, heliotrope plush, with salmon plush trimming; Mrs. Underwood, cobelis blue plush with pink satin front; Mrs. H. O'Connor, pink satin, with train; Miss Jean White of Woodstood, cream polka dot satin; Miss Hunter, black silk; Miss Stella Wilson, heliotrope plush, with pink plush trimming; Mrs. J. C. Hefler, biscuit colored satin and lace; Miss Brown, heliotrope silk and black lace; Miss White, pale blue satin and pearl front; Miss Hoagg, pink satin; and Miss Oliver, black silk. UNO.

CHATHAM.

A very pleasant At Home took place last week at The Brooklands, the residence of Mrs. Brooke. About sixty people were present, being received by the Misses Brooke and Miss McKough. Of course, as is always the case, the men were scarce, although I saw many more than I expected. Arriving late, I quickly cast my eye around to discover the guests. Among them I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis (Merchants' Bank). Rev. L. H. Martin, Mrs. Atkinson, Miss Atkinson, Mrs. Vivars, Miss Stephenson, Mrs. Craddock, Mrs. Kirkland, Miss Wells, Miss Lyons, Miss Beatty, Miss Ireland, Miss Douglas, Miss Shaw, Mrs. Elliott and Miss Mercer, Mr. Pennefather, Mr. Edwin Bell, Mr. A. C. Cameron, Mr. F. Hutchinson, Mr. C. B. Marsland and Mr. Rowley.

One of the most enjoyable events of the Chatham season was the dance given by Mrs. Thomas, on Thursday evening, and held at her residence, the Bank of Commerce. Dancing commenced about half-past nine, to the Chatham orchestra, the same, by the way, having greatly improved since our last ball. The programme consisted of twenty dances, mostly valses, which made it very pleasant, that dance being a universal favorite here. About half way through an interval took place for supper, which was recherche. Many thanks are owed to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas for the delightful way in which they entertained their guests. Dancing broke up about half-past two. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland, Mr. and Mrs. Heald, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Atkinson, Miss Atkinson, Miss Lyons, Miss Beatty, Miss Maude Rose, Miss Adams, Miss Ireland, and Miss Waller, Mr. H. J. Pennefather, Mr. H. H. Anderson, Mr. Edwin Bell, Mr. C. Cameron, Mr. F. Hutchinson, Mr. W. F. Ireland, Mr. C. B. Mars and and Mr. W. McKeough.

Invitations are out for dances at the Bungalow and Kew Lodge. Accounts in our next. NEMO.

BRANTFORD.

Miss McMahon, daughter of the late Judge McMahon of Simcoe, and formerly of this city, is visiting Miss Curtis.

Many invitations were received for the Hamilton ball. As the Pirates intend to give by our musical society on the same evening a number will be unable to attend, but among those likely to be present are Miss Killmaster, Mr. and Miss Gould, Dr. A. J. and Mr. George Henwood, Mr. George Bellhouse, Mr. Will Jones, Mr. Killmaster and Mr. J. Ker Osborne.

Mrs. Hancock of Suspension Bridge, N. Y., who has been visiting Mrs. A. J. Wilkes, has returned home.

The Whist club held its regular meeting last week at the residence of Mrs. Geo. Hately.

Owing to the sad death of little Emily Henry, the last regular meeting of the Euchre club was postponed for ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wilkes spent Sunday at the Falls.

Miss Blackader, who has been visiting her brother, has returned home. AUDRAY.

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WEEK FEBRUARY 13. MATINEES, WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY

THE GREAT WALLACK'S THEATER SUCCESS

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PRICES: 25 CENTS, 50 CENTS, 75 CENTS and $1.00.

RESERVED SEATS NOW ON SALE AT BOX OFFICE.

The Wanderers' At Home.

A very pleasant affair was the At Home of the Wanderers' snowshoe club in Victoria hall on Wednesday evening. The crowd was not too large, the music and floor were excellent and "all went merry as a marriage bell." Dancing was begun early, and ended about two o'clock. So successful was it that it is said another one will be held before long. Among those present were the Mayor and Mrs. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Scales, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Dyas, Miss Grace Macdonald, Miss C. Scales, the Misses Henderson, Mrs. H. Brown, Miss C. Thurber, Mr. and Mrs. T. Peniston, Mrs. C. C. Scales, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Riggs, the Misses Hunter and Miss Katie Nichol.

College Glee Club.

The lately organized College Glee club made its first appearance in public at a Pink Social given by the congregation of St. Mark's, Carlton, on Thursday, February 2nd, and met with a brilliant success. For quality of voices and finished expression this club takes a leading place in the city. Mr. F. G. Plummer is director.

At the Trinity annual conversazione on Tuesday evening the Glee club contributed two numbers which were most enthusiastically received. The club has several engagements previous to Lent.

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Claxton's Orchestra will play selections at intervals during the evening. Correct solo by HERBERT CLARKE. A most enjoyable evening is predicted.

To Commence at 8 p.m. Tickets 25 cents

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The Choir of the Church of the Redeemer, at St. Paul's Hall,

TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 14th,

assisted by an orchestra.

Soloists—Miss Annie Howden, Miss Annie Langstaff, Miss Amy Green, Miss Maggie Lester, Messrs. J. F. Thomson, C. W. Coleman, C. A. Hirschfelder, G. W. E. Field, E. W. Schuch and Bert Clarke, cornet soloists. Tickets, 25 and 50 cents. Reserved seat plan opens Friday morning at Messrs. Carr & Armstrong's, 709 Yonge Street. E. W. Schuch, musical director.

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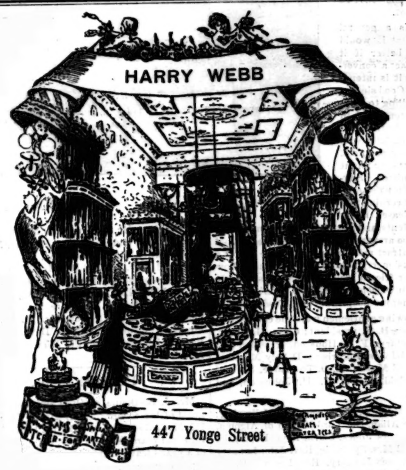

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